

The Australian

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper

JULY 12, 1947

PRICE

3^d



All the new

winter colors in

GAZE

crème nail enamel

Have you tried the lovely exciting colors in Gaze Crème Nail Enamel? You'll be thrilled with the lustrous beauty of that brilliant Gaze color range. 'Exotic wine reds . . . gay sparkling pinks . . . soft gleaming natural . . . there's a lovely Gaze color to highlight every outfit and every occasion. And you'll love the way Gaze keeps its beauty. That lovely glossy surface dries crystal hard in a twinkling . . . resists chipping and "denting" day after day.

Gaze comes in eight exciting colors!

NATURAL

gleaming natural finish for day or night.

DEBUTANTE

sweet and youthful dusty pink . . . will team with all your winter pastels.

SHOCKING PINK

vivid daring pink . . . try it with the new season's smoke-grey or mist-blue.

CYCLAMEN

to complement the new lime-green, aqua and mauve-pink.

TORQUAY

warm subtle pink . . . perfect with brown and beige shades.

POST BOX

clear brilliant red to go gaily along with your winter suits.

BEVERIE

lovely rich red — perfect foil for black and navy.

BURGUNDY

deep wine red to highlight exotic moments. Wear it with the new mid-night blue — or with white for a touch of drama.



2 more essentials

. . . for fingertip beauty!

GAZE SPECIAL CUTICLE REMOVER

softens ragged cuticles.

GAZE OILY ENAMEL REMOVER

whisks away every trace of old enamel.

GAZE

crème nail enamel

Tops in Tips

HEAD OVER HEELS

By
B. J. CHUTE

SAM O'NEILL festooned his length over the main desk in the lobby of the Northampton Hotel — "Come to the Skier's Paradise"—and contemplated the scenery. There were several places which especially pleased him, including two with red hair, and he clucked appreciatively, then turned to the room clerk.

"Pal," he said, "who teaches skiing around here?"

"Thompson and Holden," said the clerk briskly. "They're both over there by the fireplace."

Sam looked across the lobby. One

chin, and an apricot tan. "Ann!" said Sam happily, and cupped a possessive hand around her elbow. "Wonderful seeing you again. Let's go somewhere where we can talk."

She was polite but dubious. "I'm afraid I—"

"You don't remember me?" said Sam, looking hurt. "You should, beautiful. You've been walking around in my dreams for years and years."

"Oh," said Ann, and took her elbow away from him. "Oh" is a monosyllable capable of charming variations, but Ann's "Oh" had prickles all over it.

"Never mind," said Sam. "I'm a customer, and the customer is always right."

"A customer?" said Ann coldly. "You're giving me ski-ling lessons. For you, I have rejected the lure of Mr. Thompson—"

"Mr. Thompson is very good. I think that you'd learn more quickly with Mr. Thompson."

"Beautiful," said Sam earnestly, "who said anything about wanting to learn quickly?"

THERE was a moment's silence, during which Ann's grey eyes regarded him gravely. Then she said, "All right, I can give you an appointment at four this afternoon. Mr—uh—"

"O'Neill, acushla. Sam to you."

"Mr. O'Neill. Is four all right?"

"Five hours from heaven," said Sam, giving her what could only be described as a look on the prowl. "How am I supposed to live till then?"

"Have you ever skied?"

"No, but—"

"In that case," said Ann sweetly. "I should advise you to get all the rest you can."

At four o'clock he presented himself blithely at the practice slope. His boots weighed a ton apiece, but they looked so alpine that he had started brushing up on his yodel.

"Dream girl," said Sam, manoeuv-

ring his skis with difficulty across the snow. "I kept you waiting."

Ann glanced at her watch. "Not at all. Mr. O'Neill. We'll get right to work. Are your straps adjusted properly?"

"Yes. And, by the way, the name is Sam."

"Slip your hands through the loops on your poles," said Ann. "Through the loops," I said.

"Show me," said Sam, registering helplessness. She put her hands over his to show him, and he turned his own palms up and caught her fingers. "Anybody ever tell you how beautiful you are?"

"I'm ski-ling," said Ann, getting her fingers back by some unethical jiu-jitsu. "The starting position is an ordinary standing position with muscles relaxed."

"Lady, lady, how can I relax when you're around?"

"We'll start with walking on the level," Ann said calmly. "Grip your poles, lean forward slightly—"

It was child's play. Even Sam, whose mind showed a tendency to wander, found it elementary.

Ann said gravely. "That's very good. We'll try the kick turn now. The kick turn," she explained, "is for a quick change of direction. Like this." She swung one ski out, twisted it around easily, laid it flat on the snow, and then swung the other ski around beside it. As advertised, this resulted in a change of direction, and it looked easy.

Full of manly confidence, Sam kicked up his own right ski. His left one shot out from under him, and he crashed over backward.

"You kicked out too hard," said Ann cheerily. "Get up and try it again."

This time the right ski got launched safely. "Gadzooks," said Sam with justifiable pride.

Ann's voice was unimpressed. "Now swing your ski around in the other direction. Do it slowly."

He swung with all the cautious conservatism of a low-geared turtle. This move resulted in complete success, if a man's success in life can be judged by his ability to remain erect while half of him is going north and half south.

Please turn to
page 4

The Australian Women's
Weekly—July 12, 1947
Page 3

of the ski-ling instructors was a large, thick man with a red neck. The other was turned away, and all that Sam could see was shining brown hair and a tailored ski suit which was severe but shapely. This was enough. Sam said he would have the lady.

"That's Miss Holden," said the clerk.

"First name?"

"Ann."

"Thanks." Sam sketched a salute and strode away purposefully.

Close up life was even more satisfactory. Miss Holden had wide-apart grey eyes, a nice round

"So this is what angels look like," Sam said weakly, looking up at Ann.



Leonard James Green - 26



It's their consistent freshness
- their extra touch
of quality which
makes me prefer
CRAVEN A



Obtainable in
10's & 20's

6435 D

CARRERAS LTD.—OVER 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

DISTINGUISHED HANDS Require CUTEX

This Nail Polish of fashion flows on the nail smoothly and easily—leaving a jewel-like lustre on every fingertip. It's long-lasting—does not chip—and gives your hands that distinctive appearance. CUTEX is made according to a new formula in new sensational shades. Select your polish for its wear as well as its beauty, and buy the polish that gives you both.



RUMPUS
RIOT
HIJINKS
LAUREL
CAMEO
OLD ROSE
Also Natural
and Colourless



Ask for Cutex today
... and follow the Style

CUTEX
FOR LOVELIER NAILS

Head Over Heels

Continued from page 3

ANN stood regarding Sam critically. "Now bring your other ski around," she told him, in a tone of cool detachment.

He was in no position to argue, but the girl was a dreamer. He could now neither get his left ski around nor his right ski back. He Sam O'Neill, would wither away here in the snow with his knees knit together like an ivy vine.

At this moment of singularly low ebb in his athletic life, there was a shout from the top of the hill, and a tall, masculine figure hurtled out of the bright blue yonder and came to a crisp, impressive stop in a cloud of flying snow.

"Ann!" said the figure in the kind of deep executive voice.

"Jim!" said Ann. "Where'd you come from?" "Oh, Mr. Morgan, Mr. O'Neill."

Mr. Morgan nodded. The split infinitive that was Mr. O'Neill also nodded. He need not have bothered. Jim Morgan's attention was centred on Ann.

"Look, my dear," he said, "I just stopped to ask if you would have dinner with me to-night."

"Love to," said Ann, smiling. Sam gave Morgan a distinctly unchummy look. "Far be it from me to interfere with your social life, old man," he said, "but I'm supposed to be having a lesson."

Morgan's blond eyebrows knitted themselves together, then he shrugged and said, "Oh, sorry," coolly, and left them in another minor blizzard.

Ann said, "He's regional ski-ing champion. Look at those linked Christies he's doing now."

Sam gave her a dark look. "Darling," he begged, "look at what I'm doing. I call it the linked pretzel, and it's much more difficult. Light of my life—" He then came un-stitched, grabbed despairingly at air, and collapsed spectacularly at Ann's feet.

Sam was awakened the next morning by the sun shining in through his window. At the merest indication of life in their owner, all his muscles leaped into united action. He howled like a distracted banshee and collapsed with anxious haste.

He dug himself out from under his blankets and staggered across the room. Outside, the landscape was a daze of sunstruck snow.

"Nasty, vindictive stuff," said Sam, reaching for the window sash.

There under his window was Ann. The sunshine was stroking her hair, and she looked like a vitamin ad. With her was Jim Morgan, leaning in bronzed negligence on his ski poles.

The sight of Tarzan absorbing Ann's time was too much for Sam. He slammed the window down with such violence that a card on the wall fluttered to the floor. It was a cheery little card in bright colors, and it said: "You, Too, Can Be An Expert Skier. In Ten Easy Lessons." Sam gazed at it for a second, bemused, then suddenly flung the window up again, and leaned out.

"Hey, Ann!" he shouted, "I've decided one lesson a day isn't enough. Put me down for two—one in the morning and one in the afternoon." He then whacked the window down again and leaped stiffly back into bed, feeling avenged. That would sew up Ann's time nicely and cut Tarzan out.

By the end of the week, Sam was deeply impressed with himself, and even Ann seemed to feel he was showing improvement, although the rigorous course of lessons had left no bone unturned. Also, he felt he was making progress with Ann herself. As for Jim Morgan, the two-lessons-a-day device seemed to be keeping that gentleman at a low, thwarted boil.

Sam, therefore, was not gratified to arrive at a morning lesson and find Jim deep in conversation with his charming instructor. "Sorry, old man," said Sam firmly, "but Ann and I have work to do."

Morgan cleared his throat in an

executive manner. "Ann tells me you're booked for another lesson to-morrow morning."

"And to-morrow afternoon," said Sam icily.

"Well—" said Morgan.

Ann, whose womanly intuition evidently told her that her menfolk were getting nowhere fast, interrupted. "Jim wants me to go on a picnic hike to Angel Mountain with him to-morrow. I've arranged for Mr. Thompson to take my lessons. You don't mind, do you?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Sam said benevolently. "I'll go along to Angel Mountain. If you really want the trip, Ann."

Morgan gave an amused snort. "My dear fellow, you couldn't possibly stick a long hike like that. I'd have to carry you."

That settled it. By the time Morgan left them, he had acquired a third party on his little excursion.

The room clerk called Sam at five a.m., by request Sam said a blurred "Thank you," put the phone back in its cradle, and put his nose back in its pillow. When he stirred again, it was after five-thirty.

This slight misunderstanding between himself and Father Time automatically cancelled the half-hour he had intended to devote to breakfast. The hotel, however, had packed him a lunch, and Sam decided he could hold out till noon.

Feeling gallant and expeditionary, he groped his way out into the great, wide, wonderful world. Ann and Jim were waiting for him.

Sam fastened his skis and they pushed off. That is, Ann and Morgan pushed off. Sam's skis clung devotedly to the patch of snow

he was standing on, and when he turned on a slightly to see who had put sandpaper on it, he found three inches of snow sticking to the bottom. He looked at Ann.

She sighed. "I told you last night the temperature was going up and you'd have to scrape your skis and re-wax them. Didn't you do anything about it?"

He shook his head. Anxiously now he dug into his knapsack, hauling out his lunch, an extra sweater, a bandanna handkerchief, and a first-aid kit presented to him by a pessimistic hotel management. The emergency waxing stick was down at the bottom.

"We'll just have to do a half-way job," Ann said, and crouched down beside him to help. Morgan looked ostentatiously resigned.

Finally Ann said, "There! It'll have to do," and Sam tried his skis again. This time they came with him, and the expedition got formally under way.

They went on and on and on. Breakfast now loomed in Sam's mind as the most exquisite meal he had never had, and his whole being centred on the lunch the hotel had packed for him. Sandwiches, an apple, two chocolate bars, and three hard-boiled eggs. There were also a good many biscuits stowed carelessly about.

He said hopefully, "How about a spot of lunch?"

Morgan glanced back reprovingly. "Not for a couple of hours yet."

Sam's heart sank, which was easy for it, as his interior was hollow. "Two hours, huh?" He swallowed a groan and ploughed on doggedly in his companions' wake, trying to estimate his chances of smuggling just one little egg out of his knapsack.

At this point, they came to a fence with a gate about a hundred yards to their right. Jim Morgan leaped it gracefully, and Ann followed his method. Then they both turned around and looked at Sam.

It was strictly contrary to his wishes to leave Ann alone with Superman, but he was only human and he could now see a way of combining fence-crossing with a welcome snack.

"I'll use the gate," said Sam firmly. "You two go ahead and I'll catch up."

Please turn to page 28



PERFUMES

THAT LONG OUTLAST

THE PASSING HOUR



161 NEW BOND ST. - LONDON - W1
Gardenia - Studio - Heather
No. 5 - Great Expectations
Distributor: Roswell (Per Ltd), Commercial
Union Chambers, 409 Collins St, Melbourne

STABLOND'S
New "MAKE-UP"
SHAMPOO



Now
WONDERFUL for all
'sort of' no colour hair
FAIRISH..MOUSY..BROWNISH

For you whose hair was once blonde and has now darkened to a fairish of brownish, Stablond's new 'make-up' Shampoo will make it

4-6 lovelier lustrous shades
LIGHTER without ugly bleaching

If your hair is still blonde Stablond's new 'make-up' Shampoo will keep it from getting dark.

Stablond now contains two wonderful new discoveries Lanal and Calophol. These feed natural oil to the hair roots, ending "dry scalp" and dandruff—make the hair easy to manage.

Your hair will glisten
LIKE MOONBEAMS ON A LAKE

Try it. See why 38,000,000 packets of Stablond were sold in United States, Britain, South Africa, Canada, Australia and other countries of the world in 1946. ("Called Blondex in some countries.")

STABLOND MAKES YOU PRETTIER!

Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 367838, Sydney

Skin Sores?

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. The Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist, to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- 6/4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

**Just in time, they
found their real
road to happiness**

COMING home to Madge was just as Tom had imagined it would be. She was waiting for him at the station. Not right at the barrier, but standing back from the crowd. That's where he looked for her, and that's where she was.

Tiny . . . a silly little hat cocked on her golden curls . . . dressed in her special shade of green.

Madge didn't yell at him, as some of the women did when they saw their men, nor wave her arms over her head, nor cry.

Madge just stood there, smiling, and held out her hands to him, and it wasn't until Tom kissed her that he saw the tears brimming from beneath the trembling lashes.

"Well," Tom said shakily, "I got here!"

"Darling! Are you really as well as you look?"

"Better! And you don't look so bad yourself, sweetheart."

"Everything's all right now," Madge whispered. "Everything. And . . ."

"Oh, Tommy, let's go home! I want to cry."

She did cry, too, for a few seconds when they reached the little flat she had hung on to all the time he had been away.

"Just nerves," she said, powdering away the tear-streaks. "Glad to be home?"

Tom nodded and grinned. "Come here, you little imp . . . Glad to see the old man?" he asked.

"Oh, Tommy . . . Tommy . . ." she wailed shakily.

The first few days were sheer bliss. Most of the time Tom stretched out in his old armchair. It had been a long, tiring voyage, and it was heavenly just to soak up the peace and quiet of home, and watch Madge.

They stayed blissfully in the flat for several days, but finally Madge suggested they go out. It might do him good, too, she said.

"This suits me, darling."

"But . . . Bob and Ruth want us to go over to their place, and the Walters are giving a party for you the minute you say the word, and you haven't even taken a good look at the town since you came home, Tommy. There are a couple of wonderful new night spots, and . . ."

"Why, of course, sweetheart," Tom interrupted briskly. "What about looking things over to-night, just you and me? Then to-morrow night we'll drop in on Ruth and Bob, and you can phone Bess Walter that they can throw their shindig on Saturday. O.K.?"

"You're such an angel, Tommy!" Madge was all excited. "I want to show you off, darling. We'll go to the 'Riverview' first; Mickey Michael's band is playing there this week. Every girl there will eat her heart out when she sees you, and I'll sit back serenely and say to myself, 'Look and wish all you want to, but it won't do you any good. He's mine.'" She kissed him, and then danced off swiftly.

That evening marked the end of the period of sheer bliss, so far as Tom was concerned. There were a few servicemen at the "Riverview," but not many. There was a much larger number of middle-aged men who had thickened round the waist and softened round the jaw, and a still larger number of youths.

Tom made a big effort to keep up with Madge, but it was not a success. She made him feel old, worn-out. The lights and music helped a little, but not enough to enable him to match spirits with Madge. They worked like a whip on a tired old horse that was pulling its best.

However, Madge, fortunately, seemed to find nothing wrong.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she said, smiling joyously at him in the midst of a dance. "It's so long since I've had any fun like this!"

"Anything's fun, darling, if I'm with you," Tom said almost sombrely.

The following night they called on Bob and Ruth. Bob was tall and thin as ever; he'd been kept out of the Services by ill health. "Gosh, you look fit!" he said. "Sit down, Tommy, and tell me all about everything . . . and if you give me any

EARLY TO BED

By . . .
**SEWELL P.
WRIGHT**

of that 'Oh, there's nothing to tell stuff I'll put arsenic in your beer.'"

Tom liked Bob, and they settled in a corner and talked. The girls talked to each other, too, for a time, but not for long.

"Come on, Tom," commanded Ruth, putting on the gramophone. "I want to dance with you. I've told Madge all the scandal I know, and she didn't know any, so we're ready to have you two pay attention to us."

The music started—something hot and loud. "Turn it down!" said Bob. "There's no need to blast us out of our chairs. Tommy and I want to talk."

"We'll talk later," Tommy put in quickly. "We'd better amuse the girls."

He danced with Madge, and then with Ruth. Ruth was a tiny thing, light as fluff; not exactly pretty, but possessed of a certain piquant, elfin charm.

"You've been having a rough time, Tom," she said as they danced. "Do you really feel all right?"

"Absolutely! Why?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . I was wondering. If you don't feel like dancing . . ."

"Am I as bad as all that? I know I'm out of practice, but I . . ."

"Don't be silly, Tom. I didn't notice it until I got a close-up, but you look tired. I mean . . . no, it isn't exactly that. Not tired. But something."

"Older, perhaps," Tom said lightly.

"I think that's it. Older."

"Sh-h-h! Don't tell Madge!" Tom said in mock alarm. "She mightn't fall for an old man like me."

"Madge is older, too. You've been through a terrible lot, I know, Tom, but just waiting and waiting isn't exactly beer and skittles, either . . . for a woman who's as crazy about a man as Madge is over you."

Tom glanced across the room. Madge and Bob were trying to jitterbug. Madge was laughing, and her face was flushed. She looked about nineteen. He felt old and rather unhappy, and when he looked down at Ruth he realised she had been watching him all the time. There was a worried look in her green eyes that even her quick smile did not quite banish.

Madge was still in a gay mood when they went home. "Old stick-in-the-mud," she said fondly, as she tossed her hat on a chair. "Tommy-sit-by-the-fire. I love you and love you . . . only I'll have to put some pep into you."

Tom understood what had to be done, and as best he could he did it. He took Madge somewhere almost every night.

Madge was delighted. No matter what the occasion, she was the gayest person present.

It seemed to Tom that his shabby old chair gathered dust and cobwebs. When they did spend a blessed night at home, just the two of them, Madge seemed unhappy, restless.

"I think I'll ask the Fieldings to come over to-morrow evening," she'd say, and head for the phone, or "Do you suppose we could get Ruth and Bob to go out with us to-morrow night? It might be fun, don't you think?"

A month went by, and Tom insisted that he was perfectly able to go back to work. "I told old Twyford I might have to take it easy for a couple of weeks, and that I was tired of doing nothing," he told Madge jubilantly. "I'm starting on Monday."

"It seems such a short time since you came home, just like yesterday. But if you're going to start working again, I suppose we'd better call off that party on Tuesday night, and the . . ."

"Call off nothing!" Tom said. "Those other chaps work, don't they?"

"Of course. But they . . ."

Please turn to page 15



"It's so long since I've had any fun like this,"
Madge said, smiling joyously at Tom.

Quality that Nourishes

WITH ALL THE GOODNESS OF MALT, MILK AND EGGS



The Derby Crown Porcelain Company received the prefix "Royal" under Royal letters patent from Queen Victoria in 1890. In 1901 King Edward granted a similar warrant which exists to the present day.

Ovaltine is more than a delightful beverage . . . it is a carefully balanced and expertly processed food made from rich barley malt, full-cream milk and new-laid eggs. It contains proteins to replace body tissue, carbohydrates to regenerate energy, calcium to build bone, maltose to restore vitality, iron to replenish the blood, phosphorus

to reinforce the nerves and vitamins to give resistance against infection. Ovaltine is the food-drink containing all of these qualities. For invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers and growing children there is only one Ovaltine, and there is nothing just as good as Ovaltine.

OVALTINE

THE FOOD YOU DRINK

FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH



018-CF

PRODUCT OF A. WANDER LIMITED, QUOIBA, DEVONPORT, TASMANIA.

WARWICK

AN ACT OF MURDER

By J. LINSLEY TANDY

TWO police cars, travelling fast, braked to a sudden stop on the outskirts of the growing crowd. Half a dozen uniformed men spilled from the first and set about clearing a way towards the cause of the disturbance. Detective - Inspector Keith, Detective-Sergeant Hathaway, a police surgeon, and two photographers alighted from the second car and followed close on their heels.

The Friday lunch-hour shopping crowd was attracted to the spot like flies to a honeycomb as a spine-tling rumor of murder rippled back along the busy streets.

Inspector Keith mentally cursed the luck that had upset his two previous week-ends and now threatened again to keep him from his beloved gardening. He followed the burly form of Sergeant Hathaway to the centre of the crowd, where the rather flurried young constable, who had been on point duty when it happened, grinned his appreciation of the assistance he was now receiving in keeping back the surging throng from the untidily slumped body at his feet.

Keith beckoned to him as the police formed a cordon. "Let's have it, constable. I dare say you've solved this one already, eh?"

The answer surprised him. "Yes, sir, I think it's a quite straight-forward murder. We have an eye-witness, and the man she says did the stabbing."

Keith was delighted. He listened intently as the constable read from his notebook.

He made a quick investigation of the body without disturbing it, then left Sergeant Hathaway in charge and returned to headquarters with the constable, the witness, and her suspect. He motioned the man and woman to chairs in front of his desk.

Keith settled in his own chair and reached for pencil and pad. "You say you did not see the killing, constable?"

"No, sir. I was directing traffic at the time. First thing I knew about it was a group of people on the footpath. I investigated, and found this gentleman with the er—body in his arms, and this lady threatening him with her walking-stick."

Keith looked from one to the other of the two people seated opposite him, and fingered his moustache to hide a smile. "You were not afraid of this man then, Mrs. —?"

"O'Malley. Bridgid O'Malley it is, and I've yet to see the spalpeen I'm afraid of, young man. I've lads of my own as big and bigger, and they all the time needing the firm hand of me to be keeping them in their places."

"Tell me what you saw, Mrs. O'Malley."

"Well, I was coming out of a big store when I saw the two of them. This fellow had hold of the poor creature and was struggling with him; so he was. And then I could see the ugly great knife in his back, and I said to myself he'll not get away with it, and he didn't."

Keith turned to the man at her side, who was sitting back in his chair apparently at ease and unconcerned. His freedom from embarrassment confirmed Keith's first impression that this man, impeccably dressed from black homburg to silver-tipped cane, wearing his clothes with an air of confidence and distinction, was an actor.

There was even something familiar about the handsome face, though Keith realised he had never met the man before, because had he done so he could not possibly have failed to remember the startling vividness of the violet coloring of his eyes.

He regarded Keith coolly, with a slight smile, and spoke in a controlled, well-modulated, and pleasing voice: "Mrs. O'Malley's description of the incident is quite exact, Inspector, but the inference she draws is wide of the mark."

Mrs. O'Malley gripped her walk-

ing-stick and thrust out her chin. "You'll not be after telling us you did not stick the poor man with your evil knife!"

The chin under the violet eyes shot forward at her. "It's that very same thing I'll be having you believe, Mrs. O'Malley, being the innocent one of the world with no part in this day's sad work at all, at all."

At the brogue Mrs. O'Malley sat back and stared in amazement. Keith enjoyed the little scene with the satisfaction of one whose surmise is proved correct.

"You are an actor?" he queried.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Inspector. Yes, I am Ronald Munson, as you

say, an actor. As a matter of fact, I'm already overdue for afternoon rehearsal. Perhaps you know we are doing 'Petrified Forest' at the Gaiety."

"And you say you did not stab this man?"

"Most decidedly not, though Mrs. O'Malley's misapprehension is very easily understood. I was making my way as fast as possible down Hay Street when a man I was passing fell heavily against me. I did my best to support him, but when I noticed the knife in his back I let him down as gently as I could to the footpath."

"You saw nothing of the stabbing?"

"Absolutely nothing. I have never seen the man before in my life, and I'm afraid there is no further information I can offer."

Mrs. O'Malley snorted, and Keith turned to her. "There is a very important question I am going to ask you, Mrs. O'Malley, and I want you to consider carefully before answering. Did you or did you not see Mr. Munson make a thrust at the man's back?"

She thought for a moment, then regretfully shook her head. "No, it was more of a struggle they were having."

"Did you at any time, Mrs. O'Malley, see a knife in Mr. Munson's hand?"

"Ah, no. It was there deep in the back of the poor lad when I first saw the knife." She smiled rather uncertainly at Munson. "It could be that I've misjudged this young man, and if I've done that thing I hope he won't be remembering it against me."

The inspector continued his questioning for a further ten minutes, made a note of the particulars he needed and let them go, his revived hopes of a nice quiet week-end fading fast.

"They were the only pair in all the crowd who would admit to seeing anything, sir," said the young constable, apologetically. "I questioned every person I could see. But, of course, it would be child's play to run a sharp knife into a person's back in that crush, and get away with it."

Keith nodded sadly, then bright-

ened as Sergeant Hathaway entered the room, his hands full of reports and photographs. He also had with him the knife, an elaborately ornate affair, the gilt handle studded with imitation gems and the blade roughly sharpened.

Beside this, on the inspector's desk, he laid the photographs, reports, a thin gold solitaire-diamond ring, and five one hundred pound bundles of single notes, each held neatly by a rubber band. Keith whistled and Hathaway beamed at him.

"Too bad he couldn't get away with the doings, Inspector, after going to all the trouble of killing his man first."

KEITH picked up the reports. "I think you are on the wrong track, Sergeant. The notes seem to indicate the motive all right, but it wasn't robbery. It may be easy to stab a man in the back in a crowd, but it's almost impossible to go through his pockets afterwards and get away with it. No. This smells more of kidnapping or blackmail. Five hundred pounds is too big a sum to handle in one pound notes, unless you're frightened of the numbers on larger ones being traced. And those notes are straight from a bank teller's drawer. If I was a gambling man, Sergeant, I'd say blackmail."

Hathaway nodded approval. "I get it. He hands over the cash, follows the blackmailer till he gets up against him in a crowd, then zunk!"

Keith winced and frowned, and the sergeant's grin widened.

"Sorry, sir, I was carried away.

And you are right on the target with your guess. As you can read in his dossier there, he was Joseph Guilfoyle, 43, South African police record of blackmail, but never been in trouble with us over here. I wonder if all South Africans wear diamonds that size."

"He actually wore this thing! I'd have said it was a woman's ring..."

They were still in the office at three o'clock, the inspector with a pipe long gone cold in his mouth, and Hathaway's ash-tray a mass of cigarette butts, when Sergeant Brown ushered in the old man.

"Says he's a knife-dealer, sir," said Brown, by way of introduction. "Seems to know something about this Hay Street killing. He's John Linden, lives over his shop at 138 Dobroyd Street."

Keith quickly put down his pipe. "What do you know, Mr. Linden?"

The old fellow placed on the desk an early afternoon paper which had on its front page a large photograph taken from above the heads of the crowd, apparently just before the arrival of the police cars. The constable, Munson, Mrs. O'Malley, and the murdered man showed up clearly.

Linden pointed to the knife and said in a quavering voice, "I sold that knife only yesterday to a Mr. Munson from the Gaiety Theatre. He said he wanted it for a play he was acting in."

They stared at him. He seemed very old, his face puffy and



"Yes, I think it's quite a straight-forward case, sir," said the constable.

wrinkled, his clothes ancient, and his felt cap dirty, but to Inspector Keith he fairly shone.

"Get Munson, Hathaway," he snapped. "You'll find him rehearsing at the Gaiety—I hope."

He was at the Gaiety, and the sergeant brought him back to headquarters within twenty minutes. The actor was fiercely angry, and Hathaway had to handle him roughly. With a firm grip on each arm the sergeant held him quiet in front of Inspector Keith's desk, and beamed at his superior. But Hathaway's expression changed to astonishment as Keith sprang to his feet and stared at the man he had arrested.

The actor was dressed and made up for the part of Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest." He wore no coat, and across his waistcoat ran a harness carrying an empty revolver holster under each armpit. Hathaway added two pistols to the collection on Keith's desk.

"Look's the part, doesn't he?" he commented, but Keith did not hear him.

"Who are you?" he shouted, staring into the actor's brown eyes, hardly able to believe his own.

"I'm Ronald Munson, free, white, and a good deal over twenty-one, and if there is any reason at all why I have been publicly insulted and outraged in this fashion, it had better be a good one, for I most certainly intend to take the matter into court."

"All right, all right," snapped Keith. "Just listen to me for a moment. Were you in this office this afternoon?"

"I've never been in a police station before in my life."

Please turn to page 31

As Love Like That.

THE horse was a plunging, white-eyed devil, and the girl had been thrown in seven seconds. Jonathan Blair sat in a grandstand and felt something chase up and down his spine. Spills he had seen in plenty; he'd taken many a bad one himself. But this girl thrown under a Texas sun had gambled with death or injury for fifty dollars prize-money. And rodeo rides don't count unless they last at least ten seconds.

He had been startled when that girl came stampeding out of a chute holding leather on an unmistakable outlaw. There was no cowgirl event on the list, and it was really rather amazing to see one girl competing with those hard-riding men of the cattle ranges. He watched fascinated a savage battle between girl and buckjumper.

She was born to saddle leather, that girl. The surge of the outlaw's muscles must have had the force of a catapult, but she stuck on, tall and slim and pliant in scuffed leather chaps and khaki riding shirt with leather wristbands.

Seven seconds, and then she was shaken loose, turning over in the air to land with a terrific impact on the ground. She lay very still with one arm across her face. The horse kicked out viciously. He seemed to be right over her.

Jonathan Blair came to his feet. So did everybody else. One of those death-dealing hoofs would be more than sufficient if it struck vitally. What a way to earn a little extra money, Jonathan thought, feeling suddenly sick.

Two cowboys spurred up to head off the horse and drove him back to the chutes. Others sprinted out from the side-line. The music of a dusty hard-working brass band stopped abruptly. A stretcher would be the next thing.

But it wasn't. The girl sat up. Sat up, ran a gauntleted hand over her forehead—and smiled.

Jonathan yelled. He didn't know why exactly. But there was something nonchalant and assured about that crazy girl.

She was on her feet now, walking towards one of the rodeo judges. He leaned down from his horse to speak to her, and they had a brief conference. Then he nodded and she went over to the chute and climbed to the top rail. Jonathan Blair stared. She was obviously going to try again.

"Hey, listen," he muttered vaguely. There was something uncivilised about this.

She was on the rail, watching the bronc intently. Suddenly she swung lightly over and dropped astride. They came out together, horse and girl waging a breakneck battle.

The outlaw tried to shake her by leaping sideways, and coming down hard, fighting to jar her loose from her balance. But she stayed there. Time was ticking by the ten-second

**Gay, crazy, revelling in thrills and spills —
this was the hectic mood in which they met.**

SPARKLING NEW ROMANTIC SERIAL

By DAVID GARTH

whistle—she was going to make it this time.

The stands were cheering madly. So was Jonathan.

"Stay with 'em, Texas!" he roared. "Yaaaay, Texas! Attababy! Hold on! Hold on! Uh—pull leather, kid—!"

The whistle blew, ending the ride officially, but she had to stick a while longer until a "pick-up" man raced to her side. She put an arm round his waist and swung free from that seat of dynamite.

Jonathan was mightily impressed. He hadn't expected to see anything like that in this Texas town. He and his friend Dirk Segrave had got off the train on their way back East from the Coast Polo Open tournament to investigate the possibilities of a recommended ranch as a likely place to breed and train polo ponies. But Jonathan had run into a parade and thenceforth lost all interest in the ranch.

Dirk had gone on alone, but Jonathan had thrown his lot in with the parade, and the blare of the band that mixed with the staccato beat of hoofs on the pavement. Cow-boys, a band, and a rodeo—he couldn't resist the combination. He trailed along to the town baseball park that served as the rodeo ground. And he was glad he had.

He looked at his watch as the next event started. Dirk would be waiting down at the station by now. The South-western Limited was going to pick them up, due to Dirk's ownership of some railroad stocks.

However, he lingered to the end of the rodeo and was extremely disgusted when the girl failed to gain a place in the prize-money awards. Risked her neck and all she got out of it was a limp.

He looked at his watch again, and then left his seat. There wasn't much time, but he thought he'd drop round and congratulate her anyhow. So he went round to the corral.

"Where can I find that girl who rode in the bronc busting?" he asked a cowboy.

"Who?—Miss Val?" said the cowboy. "Round about here, I reckon."

That seemed hardly definite, but luckily he saw her. She was leaning against the corral fence, watching some men take the saddle off a horse. He walked quickly over.

"Pardon me," he said, and as she looked up, he stopped.

Just what he had expected to find he hardly knew himself. But "Miss Val" came as a distinct shock. She

wore a bandanna over her hair, but some tendrils that escaped at her temples were of a burnished coppery color, and her eyes were a deep bronze under slim dark brows.

He cleared his throat.

"Yes?" said the girl.

"I—hmmmm," said Jonathan.

"Yes?" she said. Courteous, modulated. Not a drawing "howdy stranger" or anything of that sort.

"I came to congratulate you on your riding," he managed then. "And to say how sorry I am that you didn't get a place in the prize-money. You deserved to. If I'd been a judge," said Mr. Jonathan Blair decisively, "you'd have won hands down."

"Thank you," said the girl. "That's nice of you."

"Did you," said Jonathan tentatively, "hurt yourself when you landed that time?"

"No," she told him. "Stunned a little, that's all."

Oh, so that was all! Just stunned, while in range of some very vicious hoofs. Evidently that was hardly worth mentioning.

"Anyhow," he announced, "it was too bad you didn't get credit for your second ride."

"They never give you a second chance. I rode again for the fun of it."

"Huh?" said Mr. Blair uncertainly.

"Fun?"

"Certainly, fun," she returned. "Spills are all a part of the game. You know that." Her eyes swept him briefly, well-cut tweeds, soft shirt, and snap-brim hat. "Or do you?"

"Good Lord, yes," said Jonathan Blair. "I could write a book about spills."

He paused, suddenly remembering, and looked at his wrist-watch. "Holy smoke, the Limited's due." He jumped down and stuck out his hand.

"Good-bye," he smiled. "I want to wish you luck."

The girl put her hand in his.

"What's your name, well-wisher?" she asked.

"Blair," said Jonathan. "Jonathan Blair. Jonathan Corinthus Blair, as a matter of fact. The Corinthus is an heirloom. It bounces round from generation to generation with a Sheraton sofa and a steamship line."

"Buildog it!" yelled the girl. "The pony will stick with you."

Buildog it! Who did she think he was? But Jonathan decided to give it a try. He relinquished the reins and leaned over the pony's neck. He grasped the observation platform rail, tried to take a deep breath, and shook his feet loose from the stirrups.

He was slammed against the step hard, but he got his feet up, and the porter and Dirk hauled him, breathless, dishevelled, and amazed at himself, to safety.

"Dignity!" grumbled Colonel George Ransome. "Dignity—not an iota! Huh!" With which pronouncement he proceeded to stride up and down on a rug before the massive rough-hewn fireplace of his living-room.

Colonel George Ransome was somewhat massive and rough-hewn himself. This was not surprising, as he was the son of a hard-riding Texas cattleman—but Colonel George Ransome had progressed far from the hard-riding, crack-shooting habits of his father.

This was largely due to temperament—George had a dignity that his father had lacked—but it was also largely due to the discovery of oil on the Ransome land some years after the old man's death, so that now George Ransome was president of a bank, had a vast holding in cattle and oil lands, and a fortune worth millions of dollars.

It was no mean possibility that he might be Governor or Senator some day—therefore he was somewhat annoyed to hear, via a reporter, of exceedingly undignified conduct in public on the part of his only daughter.

"New York?"

"New York."

He pressed her hand, grinned, and was off, walking swiftly. A train whistle sounded off down in the direction of town. He broke into a run. The Limited was coming in, and he doubted if Dirk Segrave had enough railroad stocks to hold it.

He dashed out of the park and looked desperately around for a taxi. There was none in evidence, and he started to run again. Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs behind him, and the girl pulled up astride a pony, holding another by the bridle.

"Can you ride?" she asked crisply.

Jonathan vaulted into the saddle, yanked the brim of his hat down, and followed the girl. Citizens paused to stare as they charged down a main street past three trolley cars and a set of traffic lights. A policeman blew a whistle with gusto and didn't even get an echo for his pains.

They arrived at the station on the gallop. The long sleek South-western Limited was just pulling out. Resignedly Jonathan reined in, but the girl turned in the saddle and waved a hand imperiously.

"What are you waiting for?" she shouted. "Step on it!"

Jonathan didn't like the look of this so well. He didn't believe in monkeying around with moving trains. But he "stepped on it" perforce. She didn't leave him much else to do.

They caught up with the rear car before the train had swung into full speed. Dirk Segrave was standing on the observation platform, looking as though he had swallowed something very hot.



"Dignity, huh!" he repeated. He stopped pacing and jabbed a finger at his son, who sat on the edge of a chair, watching him a trifle uneasily.

"How in thunder can a person do any reckless driving on a horse? You know, Ned? Neither do I. But that's what Val did. People don't do those things any more. Right through traffic she rode on a horse, and was fined for it. And the papers make a story of it. Dignity! Not an iota!"

Ned muttered vaguely, breathed some excuse, and went upstairs to his sister's room. She had bathed, and was enveloped in a lounging robe.

"The Colonel," he told her, "is delivering a philippic on dignity down in the living-room. What's this about galloping along the main street?"

Valentine Ransome smiled. "A young man had to catch a train," she said simply.

"That so?" said Ned with interest. "Who?"

Valentine sat down and began to apply a comb to her thick coppery hair.

"I don't know anything about him except that his name is Jonathan Corinthus Blair and he—ouch—is a little crazy."

She swung round to face her brother.

"That's what I liked about him, Ned. He does things that people don't do any more." She tapped the comb against her lips and looked

past him smilingly. "There's so many nice things that people don't do any more," she said thoughtfully.

"Such as?" Ned invited.

"Oh, getting on a moving train from a galloping horse. I'd never seen that done outside the movies until Jonathan Corinthus Blair turned the trick to-day. Dad, for instance, would have been dignified and missed the train."

"Dad will probably live to a ripe old age." He grinned. "But I get the idea, Val. Tell me more about this man who's a little crazy."

"He thinks I'm a cowgirl!" said Valentine. And again that strain of clear jubilant laughter broke out. "And he was very sorry that I didn't win the prize-money. At my own rodeo, Ned."

"Sounds like one in a million," said her brother. He got up and patted her shoulder. "Well, you'd better get ready to meet the Colonel. If you want a lawyer call on me. I need practice. Hey! Good one that! I need practice. A wit, your kid brother." He beamed contentedly and went out, closing the door behind him.

Valentine went to work on a mass of clustering curls and finally tossed down the comb in disgust. She always had trouble with her hair after she got it wet. It became a curly nuisance. She rested her chin in her hands and regarded herself critically in the mirror.

"You mustn't do things people don't do any more," she murmured. "You

must be circumspect, my dear. You really shouldn't stage rodeos, but it's all right if you buy several boxes at the country club horse show. Decorum, my dear. We must have decorum. Heigho!"

It was all very simple. You played golf, attended tea dances, rode saddle horses in a nice civilized way, and wanted to fall in love with somebody and get married. That would make Colonel Ransome very happy.

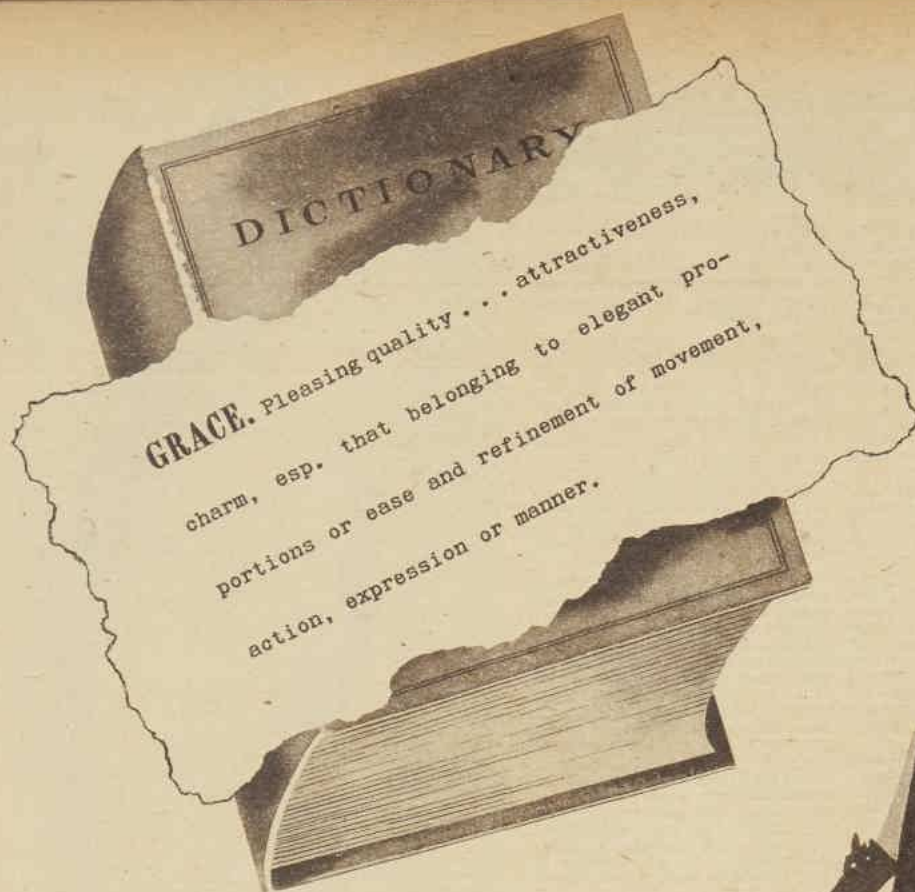
The weight of money rested heavily on the Colonel's brow. He hadn't been born to it. And yet the heritage of ranchmen had touched him but lightly. He'd forsaken that lovely old Spanish ranch house up in the hills where his children had been born and his wife had died.

The echo of generations rebounds strangely sometimes. Ned Ransome wasn't bothered. He had always thought his sister was one of the most amazing persons on earth, but he was content to cheer from the grandstand. That independent strain of action, however, inherited direct from turbulent Grandfather Ransome ran strong in Valentine. It was a part of her like the bronze color of her eyes.

Her maid came in to help her dress. Valentine didn't need a maid, but the Colonel had some strange idea she ought to have one. If it helped someone to make a living, Valentine didn't mind. She just wouldn't be able to dress as rapidly, that was all.

Please turn to page 33





GRACE. Pleasing quality... attractiveness, charm, esp. that belonging to elegant proportions or ease and refinement of movement, action, expression or manner.

The pleasing Quality of Grace

Effortless grace — and there is no other kind — is to a woman what a swaying poplar is to a landscape.

To the exclusion of almost all else, it focuses attention, stirs the heart, stimulates admiration.

Wear your glamour gown or casual frock and take on an aura of loveliness — for your Berlei beneath brings true harmony to your figure line and natural grace to your movements.

Berlei

THE FOUNDATION

OF SUCCESS



ODD IDEAS ...

● A lovely color combination, lime-green over deep bottle-green. Lime blanket-woollen for a three-quarter full-backed, bell-sleeved top jacket worn over a straight tailored frock with a new longer skirt.

● A yellow jacket to wear over a short-sleeved dark colored dress, to look like a suit, here allied with nigger-brown and matching accessories. For an added color note a striped ribbon is worn, pinned under the standing-up collar with a jewelled clip.

● Oyster-grey gabardine for a tailored shirt-jacket with loose three-quarter sleeves to wear over a straight black skirt, with black suede accessories—gloves, shoes, and studded belt. The scarf hat is in a brilliant wool plaid.

● A suit with a deep navy skirt under a mauve jacket fitted to the small waist, accenting the hipline with huge pockets and worn over a white starched blouse (left), a posy of red carnations on one lapel.

● Bright cherry-red jacket (right), open to the waist, belted and round shouldered—a perfect odd jacket for wearing over slacks, odd blouses and skirts, or a dress as here illustrated, with a matching scarf wound high round the neck and caught with a jewelled pin.



YOU'LL BE A STEP AHEAD IN

*Style, Line and
Wearing quality*

WHEN YOU CHOOSE

HANRO

Keep your eye open for superbly cut, knitted outerwear and snug, form-fitting underwear by Hanro... sold by all leading stores throughout Australia. You'll be assured of smarter styles... better value if you look for the Hanro label because "the quality is a proud tradition."



*And noth it all
she's a HANRO girl...*

HANRO

QUALITY KNITTED OUTERWEAR AND UNDERWEAR

Whoever you are,
Wherever you are—

Do you charm?

Do glances linger—can you sense those admiring whispers which are the flattering evidence of your charm—the charm of a lovely, youthful skin?

Women have learned from experience how Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream holds the promise of soft, velvet-smooth skin. It gently works deeply into the tiniest pores, dissolving dirt, revitalising tissues, and removing excessive oiliness. Make Daggett & Ramsdell's Cold Cream your cream.

Favourite for over 50 years with smart New York women.



**DAGGETT
& RAMSDELL**

Perfect Cold Cream

At your favourite cosmetic counter.

DR.1.12



KINDLY HEART makes Charlie Chaplin as Monsieur Verdoux really sorry for his victims but does not prevent his murdering them.



PONDERING the best line of approach for his next victim, Verdoux falls into deep thought. He has reduced killing to fine art.



LADY-KILLER Verdoux starts his wooing technique. It bodes no good for the latest prospective victim of his murderous activities.

A new Charles Chaplin...



HAPPY HOME LIFE of Henri Verdoux and his wife, Mady Correll, and son, Allison Roddan, is sharp contrast to his other activities, which keep the little family in comfort.

● Striped trousers, a morning coat, and neat waxed moustache have taken the place of Charlie Chaplin's baggy pants, bowler hat, and funny shoes in his new role as Monsieur Verdoux, but the Chaplin trademark of inimitable pathos and wistful comedy is still there.

CHAPLIN has changed his clothes to achieve the personality of a dapper little French ex-bank clerk who murders seven unpleasant women for their money so that he can support his adored wife and child.

He makes this modern Bluebeard a pathetic little man, more to be pitied than blamed, because he is the victim of circumstance, a typical Chaplin twist.

He murders, certainly; but he murders with charming finesse, and has a tender heart for his victims.

True to character is the kindness of the little man who takes great trouble to go to a warehouse to feed the small, grey kitten whose mistress he has murdered.

There is a sharp division of opinion among critics here regarding the merits of Chaplin's film, some finding his subject matter rather more distasteful than comic.



HARD TO LIQUIDATE Annabella, Martha Raye, one of Verdoux's innumerable wives, requires more love-making than suits the businesslike killer. As he murders one wife after another Verdoux stores their possessions in a great warehouse. Among them is a queer mixture of valuable treasures and junk.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 12, 1947



SPECULATIVE eye of Verdoux
rings up the situation as he sets
out on another amorous adventure
which will end in murder.

By cable from
VIOLA MacDONALD
in Hollywood

Chaplin himself retorts:
"I feel that in the proper circum-
stances murder can be comic."

If "Monsieur Verdoux" is not a
success Chaplin can blame no one
but himself, as he wrote the script,
cast the parts with himself as star,
directed and produced, and composed
the musical score.

Although the film is being released
by United Artists, Chaplin has
backed it himself to the extent of
more than £500,000.

He regards the film as an experi-
ment, and if it proves a very expen-
sive one he will still think it was
worth while, as he believes too many
of Hollywood's films follow a well-
worn formula.

"The screen must have new ideas
to progress. It is too vast and im-
portant a medium of communication
to stand still," he comments.

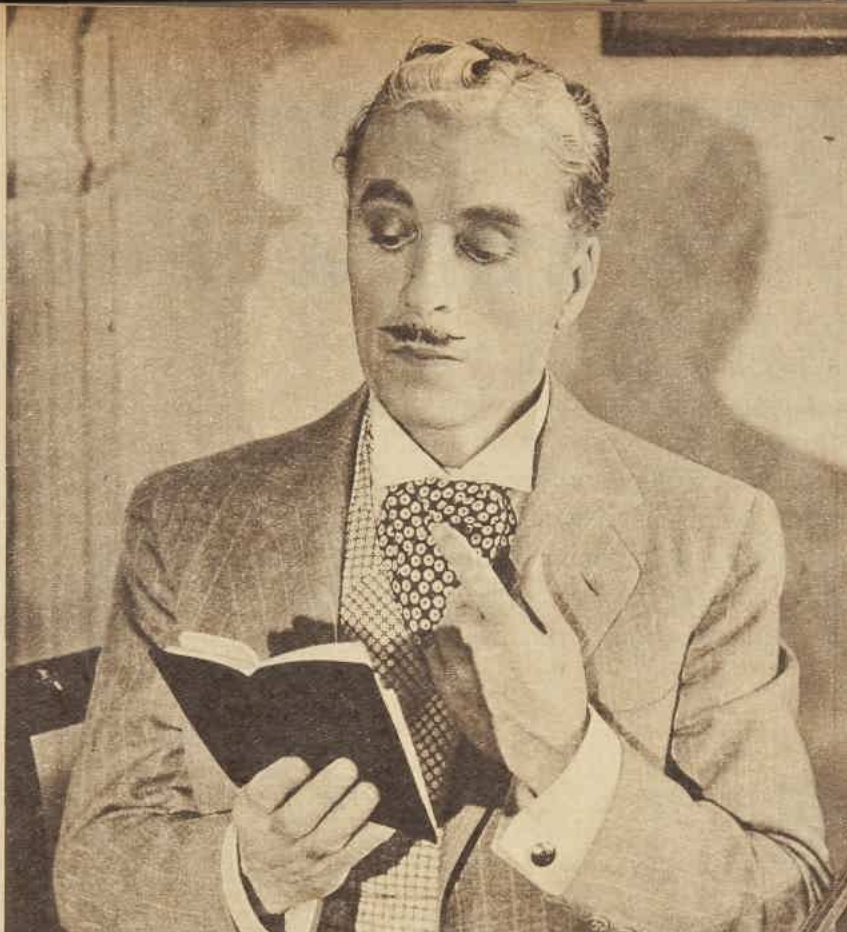
This is the first time Chaplin has
put his part down on paper before
making a picture.

"In the old days I improvised as we
went along," he said. "When I
started this picture, people at the
studio told me I could not work that
way any more."

"So I spent three years writing the
story. Every conceivable bit of busi-
ness I could think of went down on
paper. Even so, once or twice on the
set I thought of some additional bits
of business, but quickly forgot them
again when my production people
told me they would add £12,000 to
the budget."

What Chaplin considers one of the
best lines in the film he lifted from
the farewell message to the Ameri-
can nation of the late Calvin
Coolidge, as he was leaving the
White House.

When he was asked for a few last
words by eager Press and radio re-



TELEPHONE LIST of the women he intends first to woo and wed, then to murder for their possessions is
always intriguing to Monsieur Verdoux. He selects his next victim.

porters, President Coolidge paused
for a brief minute, said casually,
"Well, good-bye," and ducked out of
sight.

Chaplin has used the idea in the
final scene, when Monsieur Verdoux
is sitting in his cell awaiting the
guillotine.

A reporter comes into the cell. He
has grown attached to the strange
little man, who has led such a fan-
tastic double life. He asks him for
some unusual farewell words as a
final gesture of friendship. Verdoux,
anxious to oblige, says in a most
ingratiating manner, "Good-bye,
now."

In answer to the constant demand
by a section of the American public
that he should become naturalized,
and a threat to boycott "Monsieur
Verdoux" because Chaplin is deaf to
the idea, the great comedian says:

"I have brought seven hundred
million dollars into the country, so I
think I am a good paying guest."



WEALTHY WIDOW Marie Grosnay (Isobel Elsom) is another pros-
pective victim. With estate agent Arthur Hohl, she inspects Verdoux's
house, while he begins his wooing with the gift of a rose.



DISCOVERED by Chaplin, 20-year-old Marilyn Nash, of Detroit, plays
the part of a Belgian refugee and proves herself the one good friend
the little ex-bank clerk has amid all his strange occupations.



MONEY-BOX held by Lydia (Margaret Hoffman) interests Henri
Verdoux more than its owner; but to possess one he must woo the
other. Verdoux's technique is nearly always successful.

Lady be Lovely
IN AN ADELYN COAT



Ask to see the
latest Adelyn
fashions when-
ever you are
shopping.

Adelyn
Frocks, Suits, Coats

FIRST FOR FIT

Take
care
of it!



Good, pre-
war furni-
ture is
rightly val-
ued these
days. Give
it the protection it deserves.
Just a little touch of LIQUID VENEER
is most effective for cleaning, beautify-
ing and preserving highly-finished sur-
faces. Gives a marvellous gloss you'll
be proud of. Use LIQUID VENEER
for satisfaction, it is most economical.
Use it on your car, too. Obtainable at
all good-class hardware stores.

LIQUID
VENEER

PRICES 4 or 1/11, 12 or 3/10.

AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS:
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

I've got a date with a dream!

...and perhaps you too may decide on an early night, a few quiet hours with your favourite magazine, your dainty toes tucked into the warm snugness of Slippers by Knight. Cushioned comfort -- styled for luxurious relaxation -- in three fascinating new fashions and a rainbow of glowing colours. Obtainable at all leading stores.



FRILL




LOLL



INA



COLOUR CHART		
		
FRILL	INA	LOLL
GREEN ROYAL RED	ROSE-SAXE BINDING	ROSE ROYAL SAXE
	ROYAL-RED BINDING	
	SAXE-ROYAL BINDING	
	BLACK	

Slippers by

KNIGHT

RETAIL TRADE ONLY SUPPLIED

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS:

81 YORK STREET, SYDNEY

326 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE

"KING HOUSE," QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE

PRODUCED BY ARTHUR L. ROSEBERRY ADVERTISING



Catching Cold?

Then go after mouth and throat germs right away with full strength Listerine Antiseptic. Get the habit of gargling Listerine regularly, night and morning, and at the first sneeze, the first tightening of the throat, gargle every two hours until symptoms disappear. Listerine is safe, non-poisonous, pleasant to use and thoroughly dependable. Begin the Listerine health routine to-day.

LISTERINE

— the Safe Antiseptic

PRICES 1/6, 3/-, 5/9

Buy the large size for economy

SAFE TO CARRY...
NO SPILLING...
NO EVAPORATION...

**NEW CREAM
REMOVES
NAIL POLISH
FAST!**

Do on and wipe off.
Won't crack the nails.
1/6 everywhere.

**POTTER'S Nail Polish
REMOVING CREAM**
(IN TUBES)

Distributed by
POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

**LIQUID
lip-glo**
3/6 BOTTLE
LEAVES
SMILE-LESS
FADLESS
8 EXOTIC
TINTS
**LIQUID
lip-glo**
PHILIP BONE COSMETICS, BOX 442 GPO, ADELAIDE.

They're well worn... but
they're worn well

THANKS TO

KIWI



Early To Bed

Continued from page 5

MADGE didn't finish the sentence, but Tom understood. They hadn't been in jungle country for a couple of years... hadn't had assorted doses of fever... hadn't lived a dozen years in two. It was a bitter medicine, but the directions said take it. And Madge mustn't know, or even guess.

"Good little wives don't argue," Tom said. It wasn't Madge's fault that the war had taken something out of him, for a time, at least. Madge was still a child and she was entitled to a good time.

But Tom couldn't take it. He had the extra strain of being back on the job now. As he came home on the bus wedged immovably between a fat woman and an old man, one night he felt at the end of his tether, and thought with dread of the party they had promised to attend in a few hours' time.

He sighed and shook his head. If only Madge could go, and he could stay at home! The thought was a darling one, and for a moment it startled him. Well, why not? He could tell her he had to work late to-night.

Madge could go to the party, Bob and Ruth and the rest would understand, and it would be all right.

He came in frowning, looking very unhappy. He had to make it sound convincing.

"What do you think?" he demanded. "I've got to work again to-night."

"Oh, Tommy, that's a shame! Bob and Ruth... I'll ring them at once. Perhaps—they'll be able to pick up another couple."

"Don't be silly; you go anyway. Perhaps there'll be some handsome hero there to amuse you. Of course, I'll cut his throat if he's too amusing, but..."

"I wouldn't think of going without you," Madge said indignantly.

"Oh, yes you will, darling! Go and have some fun. Really, I want you to, Madge."

"I'll feel funny... being alone again. Like..."

"I know. But they'll understand."

"Do you think you might join the party later, perhaps?"

"Not a chance!" Tom said hastily. "I'm due back at the works by seven, and there's at least four hours' work; probably more. I'll be ready for bed by then."

"You really think I should go, then?"

"I'm positive. Now, what about some food? I'm starved!"

Tom caught the bus into town in full view of the flat because he was taking no chances. He spent an hour in a news theatre. Shortly after eight he strolled out and headed for the flat.

The windows were dark; Madge had gone, and the way was clear. Whistling, he let himself in.

This was good, he thought. Home. A quiet place with rugs on the floor and a favorite chair backed into a corner.

Tom lit a cigarette and strolled idly round the room. It was a quarter to nine, and by nine, he thought luxuriously, he could have a bath and be in bed.

It was a dirty trick he had played on Madge... or was it? She'd enjoy herself at the party and he'd have what he wanted at home. When you thought about it that way, it was quite fair.

He awakened with a start. Madge had just come in, apparently, for he heard the door close. The lights were on in the living-room; a sharp-cut shaft of light came through the partly open bedroom door and struck the wall opposite the bed. Probably it was the light which had awakened him. Tom decided.

Or it may have been Madge's singing. She was singing softly, but very gaily, and the song was "Happy Days Are Here Again."

She's been enjoying herself and she deserves it, Tom thought sleepily. After living like a... mummy for a couple of years...

He was tempted to call out to her,

but he remembered just in time. If he'd really put in those four extra hours, he'd be dog-tired and very sound asleep. He glanced at his wrist-watch, holding it so that the reflected light fell on the dial.

Nine-thirty? It couldn't be! He held the watch to his ear; it was ticking sharply and precisely.

Madge was still singing as she went into the kitchen, and he heard her do a little shuffling step on the linoleum. Even though his eyes were not upon her, he could see her do it. Her hands would be lifted shoulder high and close to her shoulders, and she would sway her hips and throw her head back and do those quick, gay steps... It was a trick of hers when she was extraordinarily happy about something.

Madge came towards the bedroom then, and Tom closed his eyes. His watch must be wrong... or perhaps he hadn't seen well in the dim light. He felt the light strike upon his closed lids when she opened the door; he grunted, and started to turn his head away, continuing his deep, regular breathing.

"Tommy!" she cried out sharply. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

He pretended to awaken and sat up in bed. "Hullo," he said. "So you're home, darling! What time is it?"

"It... why, about half-past nine, I thought you had to work late to-night?"

"Well... it wasn't exactly... I mean, the boss decided to call it off. I wasn't dressed to go to the party, so... but what are you doing here at this hour? Party a flop?"

"Oh, no! It was a grand party. I... had a terrible headache."

Tom stared at her. She was lying, and he knew it. Madge never had been able to lie convincingly.

"So you came home singing 'Happy Days Are Here Again' at the top of your voice, and doing that wiggly step of yours that you do only when you're tickled pink about something?"

"I wasn't singing at the top of my voice," Madge said indignantly. "And anyway, how do you know? I thought you just woke up out of a sound sleep?"

"You woke me up with your ribald singing when you came in," Tom said, swinging his feet on the floor. "Are you slightly tight, darling?"

"I am not! I had only one drink."

"Then why the Happy Days business—if you had such a headache?"

Surprisingly, Madge huddled down on the bed and started to cry. "I'm a rotten wife," she sobbed. "Oh, Tommy! I tried... honest I did. But to-night..."

Tom stared at her. Slowly, very slowly, things began to make a crazy sort of sense. "Look," he said carefully. "If you mean what I think you mean, I'm going to punch you right where..."

"But I don't!" She jumped off the bed, her eyes wide. "I only mean everybody said you'd been through so much, had such a tough time, that I must make you forget all that. Must keep you busy... see that you had a good time... show you how glad we all are to have you back."

"And I tried, Tommy; you know I did. But I suppose I'm older, probably. To-night... you said you were going to work... so I told them I had a headache..."

Tom swore softly but volubly as he stood up and took her in his arms. "Don't ask me why," he whispered. "Not now. Just sing it, as you sang it when you came in. 'Happy Days Are Here Again.'"

She looked at him as though she were sure he had lost his senses.

"Why?" she demanded—and then, suddenly it hit her, and she started laughing.

"You didn't have to work at all! You went out... and sneaked home... You are as tired of all this running around as I am! Oh, Tommy... Tommy..."

"Don't stand there and argue," Tom said tenderly. "It's almost ten o'clock, darling!"

(Copyright)



BABY: So you don't enjoy being me for a day?

MUMMY: Enjoy it? Why my skin's so uncomfortable I could roar. Do all babies feel this miserable?

BABY: I do at times, and it's your fault. Why don't you do as other mothers do, and protect my skin with gentle Johnson's Baby Powder and soothing Baby Cream.

MUMMY: Both honey?

BABY: Indeed! I need lots of Johnson's Baby Powder between baths to keep me slick as a kitten... then, if a chafe or rash does appear, I need Johnson's Baby and Toilet Cream to clear it up in a twinkling...

MUMMY: No sooner said than done; out with us now, for Johnson's.



**Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson's Baby Cream**

Johnson & Johnson
PTY. LTD.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

787

Exquisite Creations

EAU DE COLOGNE
RUSSIE 16/-

EAU DE COLOGNE
N° 11 8/-

MARSAL

PERFUMES
from
14/- to 18/-

LIPSTICK 66 5 SHADES

Obtainable from leading Stores & Chemists

Sweet Dreams Come True
with *"Old Gold"*
Chocolates ...



IN $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. BOXES

**2 layers
12 Delicious Varieties**

The very names of these luscious "OLD GOLD" Chocolates make your mouth water in anticipation. "French Nougat," "Cherry Cream," "Crunch Foam" ... just three of the twelve different, delectable varieties which you can choose from in this $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. box—and every variety lavishly coated with "OLD GOLD" Chocolate ... the smoothest, richest-tasting chocolate of them all.



"Raspberry Marshmallow"

Take the finest quality marshmallow, with a delicious raspberry flavour, add a coating of richer, smoother "Old Gold" Chocolate—no wonder this "Raspberry Marshmallow" is such a mouth-watering taste thrill!

All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery



Next time you fancy
a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block ...



"Snack"

The only chocolate block with these four exciting centres—Cream, Caramel, Strawberry Cream, Turkish Delight, Fruit Sundae.



"Milk, Fruit and Nut"

Just crammed with the nourishment of creamy milk chocolate plus fresh, juicy sultanas and crisp, crunchy nuts.



"Old Gold" Block

Richer, smoother chocolate, because it is so carefully refined and matured. Highly sustaining too—energy available from each $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block is 589 calories.



"Extra Cream"

Like everyone else, the moment you take this delicious milk chocolate, you'll say "You can taste the EXTRA CREAM." That's because there's EXTRA FULL-CREAM milk in every block of this solid milk chocolate.

Paris expert flies out to conduct our parades

Tells inside story of how great fashion houses work

Newest member of the French Chambre Syndicale, Christian Dior, had the most sensational opening of any Paris dress house for 20 years, says Madame Caroline Chambrelent, director of the house of Worth, who has flown to Australia to conduct The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades.

"Everyone felt they had to go," said Madame Chambrelent. "It was the thing to do. People went to see, not necessarily to buy."

LONG before Christian Dior left Lelong, where he had been a designer, an effective campaign started, not only in Europe, but in America and South America.

People passed the word around: "I hear Dior is starting his own house. It's to be sensational." Then anonymous paragraphs appeared in American gossip columns, such as, "We hear a certain Christian D— has big plans."

As a result of all this, the opening was a much bigger affair than Dior had expected. Orders were so heavy that workroom staffs had to be augmented to rush frocks through, particularly for overseas.

Dior told Madame Chambrelent he had not bargained for anything like that.

"The Christian Dior salon is decorated in greys and whites. A perfect background for any gowns," said Madame Chambrelent. "There is actually very little in the salon, yet it looks beautifully furnished. He has used good mirrors and gilt wall-brackets to gain his effects."

"Some of Dior's mannequins were very well known before they went to him. Others had training but were not known. He did not take any debutante mannequins on to his staff."

"For a designer to set up his own house he must have big financial resources. The decoration of his salon alone is a tremendous expense."

"He must be in the fashionable area around the Champs Elysees or in the Rue de la Paix, where the rents are high, although all rents in France are 30 per cent lower than in England or Australia."

"Mr. Worth is Christian Dior's godfather in the Chambre Syndicale."

"Joining the Chambre is like

OUR PARADES

THE Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades will be held first in Sydney, then in Melbourne and Adelaide.

Sydney season will start with a gala ball at Prince's on August 4, from 9 p.m. until 2 a.m., for which tickets will cost £2/2/-.

The parades will be at Mark Foy's twice daily. The first will be on August 5. In Melbourne the gala opening will be at the Myer Emporium Mural Hall on August 23, when tickets will be £2/2/-.

The proceeds will go to the Free Kindergarten and other charities.

Parades will be held twice daily and tickets will be 5/-.

Booking centres for the gala and following parades will be opened in the store orals on July 14.

In Adelaide the parades will be held at Myers, and the gala opening will be in the Apollo Hall on September 13.



MADAME CAROLINE CHAMBRELENT, attractive director of Worth's, Paris, makes all decisions when M. Roger Worth is not available. She has come to Australia to conduct The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades, beginning in Sydney on August 5.

joining a club. You must have a sponsor, and Mr. Worth, whose house is the oldest of the high fashion houses, proposed Christian Dior. This means that he guaranteed the standard of Dior's creations."

"All the houses are very friendly and do not in the least mind when a new house starts; but there is a limit to the number of houses in the Chambre."

"This is because of our textile points system."

"We are rationed for clothing, just as you are; but a client of one of the houses belonging to the Chambre Syndicale can buy as many things as she likes—as long as she is prepared to pay for the privilege."

"She hands her textile book in to one of the designers, with 500 francs. In return the Chambre sends her a carte couture. This entitles her to buy as much as she likes at any of the great fashion houses; but she must pay five per cent extra on everything."

"This five per cent, goes to the Government and is distributed to charities."

"In order to help the export trade any foreigner can receive a carte couture, and may buy as much as she likes, without paying the extra five per cent."

"The system was thought out by the Chambre and suggested to the Government as a means of preventing the great houses closing and throwing hundreds of workroom girls out of their jobs."

Madame Chambrelent has been given six months' leave of absence by Mr. Worth.

"Of course I am delighted to be here and I regard this job as very



M. CHRISTIAN DIOR, who is represented in The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion collection, created a sensation when he opened his salon in Paris this year.

important, as these parades help French export trade," she said. "But I found when I got back to Paris after coming to Australia for the parades last year that I had difficulty in catching up on all that had happened while I was away."

"My job as director involves so much. I must have my finger right

on the pulse of the industry, otherwise I find the salesgirls telling me what I ought to be telling them."

"First thing I did was to visit the head of every department, sales and workrooms and the store, where we keep all materials."

"Then I checked all price changes and new taxes."

"Next came a detailed check up on every client. I noted if an old client had come back, what she had bought, whether she had paid for it. If she had not, why? Where she was and if she was in, say, the south of France, whether her orders were to be sent there."

"I had to know exactly what models had been bought, and which had been delivered, and what each workroom was doing."

"We have eight workrooms, three with between 30 and 40 girls, the rest with about 20. There are 280 altogether on the staff."

"It is quite impossible to direct unless you know every detail yourself."

"Here is one instance of how I work."

"Frequently the price of a frock will change mid-season. It may go up from 30,000 francs to 35,000."

"In some houses the policy is simply to tell the saleswomen that the price has increased; but to give no reason."

"I insist that Worth's saleswomen know exactly why the price has altered and that they use the knowledge as part of their line of sales talk."

"Sometimes the price increase is due to higher pay for workroom girls or an additional tax. Sometimes the material used has gone up or we have no more of the



MR. ROGER WORTH, head of the famous fashion house, and member of the fourth generation of Worth designers, gave Madame Chambrelent six months' leave of absence to conduct our parades.

PAID DUTY ON EMPTY BOTTLES

When Mme Chambrelent opened the eight phials of Worth perfume she had brought with her from Paris she was devastated to find every drop had evaporated during the air journey. What made her really mad was that she had paid duty on all of them—two phials of Dans la Nuit, two of Je Reviens, two of Gardennia, and two of Requete.

original material and must use something a little more expensive."

"One of the particularly complicated things is estimating costs when there is embroidery on anything. Embroidery is taxed separately 15 per cent. We have a good deal of embroidery done outside and when embroiderers notify us of any change in cost we have to calculate it and add it to the dress price."

"In most of the dress houses there is a woman director, but often she is just in charge of the salon."

"I should not like that, as the work is monotonous. Also it means you do not have the same knowledge of all departments and instead of supplying the answers you ask the questions."

"My work in Australia is, of course, much more limited in scope than my work in Paris; but I feel it is of great importance to France, and I thoroughly enjoy visiting here again."

Madame Chambrelent said she had discussed The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades with heads of departments in the French Government. They had shown great interest and approval, as the parades help the export market.

The dress houses feel it is worth their while to support the parades because of the amazing interest they created last year.

From the moment Madame Chambrelent arrived in Australia she began working constantly on the final stages of organisation of the parades.

CARE OF THE INSANE

AFTER a visit to Kew Mental Hospital, the Mayor of Kew (Vic.) said he found it difficult to sleep because of the disgusting sights he saw.

This is only the latest of many revelations which make it plain that Australia's asylums are crowded, primitive, understaffed, and the inmates underfed.

The authorities do not deny it.

The 1947 report of the Inspector-General of Mental Hospitals in New South Wales, for instance, showed that they are run on a starvation standard which allows about 6/- a week for feeding each patient.

At Kew the cost is estimated at 7/-.

Yet the Army, with the advantage of mass buying, spent almost double that to feed a soldier.

A phrase popularly used about the insane is that they have had to be "put away."

The phrase is horrifyingly apt.

The most pitiful of all sick people—those mentally ill—are often simply "put away" when confined to mental hospitals under existing conditions.

Yet knowledge of causes and treatment of insanity has grown tremendously in the past thirty years, and if this knowledge is to be used to relieve suffering there must be great reforms in mental institutions.

At present, doctors and nurses are overworked to breakdown point, and the authorities point despairingly to repeated appeals for more staff.

Recent migration proposals include a plan to allow groups of workers into Australia on condition that they give two years' service in selected fields, including mental hospitals.

This is a move in the right direction. But unless the accommodation, conditions, and wages for workers are greatly improved they will eventually seek other jobs.

Reform of our asylums is a project worthy of the most compassionate zeal.

Perhaps more of us should visit asylums and find it hard to sleep at night.



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE ... The skating rink. (First of a series.)

It seems to me...

LAST week-end I had the loan of two children for the day. The outing set me thinking about what is nowadays called "the problem of leisure."

Sociologists keep worrying about what we are going to do with our leisure now that we get more of it. We'll have to learn to use it more intelligently, they say, and some suggest a programme of adult education.

After a day spent on the beach in the company of a boy (eight) and a girl (three), every spare minute I've had since has been taken up in research on types of sailing boats.

Having divulged that I knew a schooner from a ketch (Easy: S stands for schooner and stern and the taller mast in a schooner is nearer the stern), I am now faced with swotting up on the subject or appearing a big dope next time I am asked what is the difference between a cutter and a sloop, and why is a yawl.

So here we have an excellent way of acquiring a post-graduate education. You spend an occasional hour with children, then equip yourself to answer such questions as "Why does a wireless have an aerial?" and "What makes a tidal wave?"

I mentioned this to the youngsters' mother, who says that the programme must be confined to single workers. She points out that looking after a family leaves next to no time for sessions at the Public Library.

THE day out with the children also opened up that ever-interesting question of analysing motives.

"You are going to a lot of trouble for them," said their mother, as I peered round the kitchen cupboards for a bottle to hold milk, and the rest of the picnic luggage.

But actually I was doing precisely what I like best—going on a hilly-boiling picnic accompanied by a male too young to rob me of the pleasure of lighting a fire by saying "Here, let me do that."

In fact, I thought ruefully, my motives were entirely selfish—just as men's are when they grab the matches and wood and push the incompetent females aside.

HARTLEY GRATTAN, the American author, said recently in an article in the New York "Times" that Australia desperately needed a good literary critic.

"The absence of an authoritative critic (writing for Australian newspapers or magazines) is a misfortune," he added.

What is an authoritative critic? Could Mr. Grattan possibly feel—as so many of us do—that an authoritative critic is the one we happen to agree with?

CALL me a sourpuss if you like, but I have a definitely cold reaction to the suggestion of shipping large quantities of food to England for our athletes at the Olympic Games next year.

Oh, I know it's better to take food than deprive the British of their meagre supplies, and that the Games wouldn't be held in London if the British didn't want them there.

But would it have been so disastrous to postpone the Games until there was more food and more shipping space?

If you argue that sport cements international goodwill, I disagree.

It's a great industry and a great entertainment, but I'd like to know anything less likely to engender goodwill between nations than some of the fusties that have centred on international tennis courts, cricket and football fields, and sports arenas.

BY



Dorothy Drain

THOSE Federal Opposition members who are refusing to accept the £500 Parliamentary salary increase are making an admirable, but possibly thankless, stand for a principle.

Mr. T. W. White (Liberal, Victoria) is one who says he won't take the money at all. Mrs. Doris Blackburn (Independent Labor member for Bourke, Victoria) intends to give hers away to needy constituents, present an audited account of expenditure.

Mrs. Blackburn's way is the more practical, more likely to appeal to people, because there's something concrete to show for the gesture. Mr. White's, though equally high-minded, tends to get lost as a drop in the Treasury bucket.

Some members who opposed the increase are taking it anyway.

It's very difficult to refuse £500 per year. Imagine how you'd feel about it.

First, you'd think you should refuse.

Then would enter those nagging doubts: "People will say you didn't need it anyway; that you were not unselfish but looking for votes, even that you're a damned fool. Should I deprive my family? Whom do I benefit?"

A political roundsman tells me he doesn't think these self-sacrificing gestures carry much weight with electors.

He recalled that in 1930 Mr. Joel Moses Gabb, a South Australian Labor member of the Federal Parliament, would not accept the £400 increase (from £300 to £700).

"Have you ever heard of Joel Moses Gabb?" he asked pointedly.

I admitted that I had not.

The moral is said, but obvious.

ARDENT letter-writers to the newspapers have been deprived of a subject since the N.S.W. Transport Department has decided to instal "honesty boxes" on trams.

Whenever the subject of losses on Sydney trams comes up (and how it comes up—by a penny a section!) there is a spate of letters suggesting these boxes for uncollected fares.

I'm looking forward to seeing the boxes, what they're made of, and how they're fixed.

Many's the half-hour I've spent clinging by my teeth to one of those vehicles which we of Sydney call trams, figuring out where the things could be fixed so that they were (a) accessible, and (b) not vulnerable to smash-and-grab raids.

One way and another I've evolved some natty ideas, so I'm looking forward to seeing whether the Transport Department has pinched any of them.

I DON'T blame the R.A.N. for postponing a visit to the United States until it is equipped with more modern ships.

You know how it is when you go to visit rich friends. You do like to wear your best clothes and put on a good show.

THOSE Americans who don't like juke-box music may now buy five minutes' silence by putting a nickel in the machine:

All you whose brows forever show a crease,
Who grumble how the taxes keep you poor,
Be thankful for small signs of brighter peace,
Stop howling every time that prices soar.
Now that a nickel makes a juke-box cease,
Why, silence isn't golden any more!

Interesting People



MISS ROSE QUONG
... wears Melba's gift

MELBOURNE-BORN Rose Quong, Chinese actress, lecturer, writer, is in Australia for visit from home in New York. Since leaving here 20 years ago has become well known in England, Europe, America for lectures on Chinese subjects. She is wearing Chinese ivory satin robe, banded in blue, given to her by Melba, who used it for grand piano drape. Her latest book, "Chinese Ghost and Love Stories," has been well reviewed.



SIR GORDON GORDON-TAYLOR
... praises our surgeons

WORLD-FAMOUS Scottish surgeon Sir Gordon Gordon-Taylor, in Australia to deliver post-graduate lectures in most States, says: "Standard of surgery here is comparable with that anywhere in the world, but Australian doctors should go to England for post-graduate courses." Receiving his knighthood during last visit here in 1945, as Rear-Admiral Surgeon with the British Fleet, he was struck by fact that Australians seemed more pleased even than he was when honor was announced.



MISS GLADYS YOUNG
... Shaw, Shakespeare, Children

SAID to be hardest-worked radio player in the world is B.B.C.'s veteran radio actress, Gladys Young. She has just celebrated 21 years of radio roles. At short notice producers have rushed her into the Children's Hours, Greek parts, snappy feature programmes, Shaw, and Shakespeare. Gladys says she "likes a quiet life." Her husband and son are her most faithful listeners and kindest critics.

U.S. lawyer is Galahad to Australian brides

Prefers reconciling couples to winning divorces

John E. Anderton, San Francisco attorney-at-law, who has successfully appeared for 24 Australian girls seeking divorces from U.S. servicemen, is regarded by them as the war brides' Sir Galahad.

America's gift to Australian womanhood in distress has received payment in only four of the cases in which he has appeared. The other brides were almost destitute and he represented them without charge.

"I HAVE never appeared for an American husband seeking a divorce from an Australian wife," he said in an interview.

Happily married to a Queensland, formerly Sheila Wieland, Mr. Anderton recently visited Australia, and has just left for home.

"When we were both in Brisbane working for U.S. Army Intelligence, Sheila was the only one who could read my writing," lawyer-barrister Anderton recalled.

"Naturally I married her. She's pretty, too."

Referring to broken marriages between girls of his wife's country and servicemen of his own, he says:

"From my own observations I should say that psychological mis-mating was the chief cause of these broken marriages.

"Couples marry in wartime, knowing each other for only a short while. When they settled down to married life together, they found that each had married the wrong person."

"You can quote me as being entirely opposed to divorce where there are children," John Anderton said. "I would much rather effect one reconciliation than win a dozen divorce cases."

"Back in the States I talked one Aussie bride and her G.I. husband out of divorce. They're back here now visiting her people, and came to see me the other day. Are they glad they didn't go ahead and split up?"

According to this most sympathetic of observers there is still a second factor responsible for the failure of certain types of girls to make a success of life as a U.S. serviceman's bride.

"Finding themselves in a strange country where the standard of living is usually higher, and tempo considerably faster, some girls subconsciously feel themselves at a disadvantage."

"They find themselves in a society in which there are far more college graduates, the education standard in this respect being higher than in Australia. All this combines to give some girls an inferiority complex."

"I don't think there is any need for this," Anderton went on, "because in the things that really matter, homecraft, knowing how to run a happy family life, Australian girls are far in advance of their

American sisters."

He thinks this is because American girls are more career-minded.

"Another contributing factor is homesickness. This receives a fresh stimulus with every letter from mothers who cannot disguise their desire to have their daughters back with them."

"Also it cannot be ignored that a small percentage of American mothers-in-law resent their sons marrying girls who are not Americans. There aren't many of these, but they are undoubtedly responsible for marriage crack-ups in isolated cases."

"But all Australian girls married to U.S. servicemen don't hit the newspaper headlines. Less than one-half of one per cent get into marital difficulties," he added.

"This is considerably lower than the percentage among brides of other nationalities, including English."

"Our boys did a lot of big talking when they were out in Australia. Especially the young ones who had never been away from home before and those who had a low standard of education."

"They were living on American Army pay, enjoying American Army food and standards of comfort, which were far higher than their own peacetime jobs would have earned them. I think that accounts for the tall stories that were such a disappointment to some of your girls."

"Some of the girls who were sold shacks in Wyoming as palatial ranch-houses got their divorces and are now back home."

"Others, who really loved the men they had married, stuck it out."

"My wife and I personally know one girl who found herself in a little Nebraska town, 50 miles from the nearest city. There were only 200 inhabitants, and her husband's so-called flourishing business was nearly on the rocks."

"The girl stuck, did her own washing and housework, although she had come from a wealthy family who would have paid her fare back to Australia any time."

"To-day they have turned the corner. The business really is flourishing, she has help in the

house, two lovely children—and how she is loved by the people of that little township!"

There are almost 100 Australian brides in and about San Francisco. Nearly all these are personally known to the Andertons, who entertain them in their home and meet them constantly at San Francisco's Australian Club.

Needless to say the Andertons carried a lot of messages from Australian brides on their recent trip. "From Sydney I put in one call to Adelaide and four to Melbourne," John Anderton said. "I'm taking almost as many messages back to the girls from their families."

Not all Australian girls who obtain divorces in America pack up and come home.

"I myself know at least two girls who have stayed on and proved their worth in highly competitive fields," John Anderton said. "They have large circles of friends, worthwhile jobs, and the respect of everyone they meet. In short, they are the ones who fought back and won."

He points out that the divorce rate is higher among enlisted Navy personnel than among members of any other Service.

Before he left to go back to the

States this war brides' Sir Galahad bought almost £300 worth of Australian legal books, so that he will be able to express himself in perfectly clear terms when writing to Australian lawyers.

Anderton's name as knight-errant to unhappy Australian brides first hit nation-wide headlines during the sensational six-day hearing of the Saunders' case, when her divorced husband took out an injunction attempting to stop Brisbane girl Irene Saunders from taking her baby daughter Christine back to Australia with her.

He won for his client one of the most bitterly contested cases of the year after fighting to have accepted as evidence radiogrammed pictures of Irene Saunders' Brisbane home and family, proving her background desirable for the upbringing of a child.

This American lawyer advises Australian girls still in this country, married to American servicemen and wanting to secure divorces, first to consult their own solicitors here, and allow them to arrange American legal representation, rather than to contact American legal firms direct.

True to the classic American way

MRS. IRENE SAUNDERS and her daughter Christine, who returned to Australia after her American divorce. Mr. Anderton represented her in the long legal battle which secured custody of her daughter.

of life, John Anderton, while he was attending law school at Stanford University and the University of California, worked as a newspaper reporter on the San Francisco "Chronicle," and handled Oriental news.

As handsome as any film lawyer, he was for five years in the American Army and fought in New Guinea as an infantry officer before being assigned in turn to the Intelligence sections of the Australian and Canadian Armies, and later the R.A.N.

During the Manila Surrender Conference he was in charge of the transcribing of all documents and the interrogation of captured personnel.

Like most ex-newspaper men, he is writing a book. Although only three-quarters through, he already has a name for it, "Little Scraps of Paper."

The title refers to captured enemy documents.

G.I. husbands are contented in Varsity careers here

The story above tells of the difficulties of some Australian brides of G.I.s in the United States. Here are some of the problems G.I. husbands are facing here, in common with Australian servicemen.

THEY are students at Australian universities, technical colleges, and accountancy schools. The Americans are paid under the terms of the G.I. Bill of Rights, and the Australians under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme.

American students receive a

higher weekly allowance, but Australians catch up on the total yearly income, as they are paid throughout the year, and Americans must work or live on private resources during vacation.

The Americans, most of whom are married to Australian girls, say they are "just squeezing through" in Australia on their allowances of £7 a week for married men and £5 for single men.

In America, they say, they would have to supplement the allowance by working "on the side."

They now praise Australian food prices as enthusiastically as they once praised Australian girls.

"Food is much cheaper here than in the States," said slim, balding ex-Cpl. John Schou, who describes himself as "just a new boy in dentistry."

"In Australia I can make my money spin out, but at home I'd have to work outside school hours."

While waiting to enter Sydney University, John established himself at Five Dock, Sydney, as a "Rainbow Carpet Cleaner."

"It gave me a living, and I do a job now whenever I get a phone call," he said.

John, who studied in America at North Western University, thinks Sydney University the best he has "ever run into."

George Pittendrigh, secretary of the N.S.W. Council of Reconstruction Trainees, and his wife Margaret are resigned to frugal living, but are concerned about families who are having a bitter struggle.

"We have a cheap house, but others are not so lucky," said Margaret.

"George wants to be a high-school teacher, so we'll just have to make do."

The Pittendrighs and their two small daughters live in a four-roomed terrace house in Annandale. They pay 16/- a week for the house.

The tiny, crowded rooms and old-fashioned kitchen sink are difficulties, but there is a shining new electric stove.



EX-CHICAGO BANK CLERK John Schou, now a dental student at Sydney University, shows a text-book to his Australian wife.



SHEET is patched by Mrs. George Pittendrigh, while husband studies. Paying small rent, Pittendrighs can just live within their allowance.



ENGINEERING STUDENT James Adams, from Alabama, with his Australian wife and daughter Roslyn.

BREAKFAST at the SHEARING SHED by VIVIAN



P.S.—If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.

You too can be REGULAR— this gentle, NATURAL way



Your health depends on what you eat . . .
Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain
daily regularity . . . no medicine needed.

WHAT IT IS . . .

First and most important — Kellogg's All-Bran is a food. Constipation starts with your food, so it is only natural that a food must be the right thing to correct and end constipation.

To-day's modern foods often lack bulk. Over-cooking . . . too many "mushy" foods . . . these keep that essential bulk out of your diet. And your system needs bulk every day, otherwise—constipation!

WHAT IT DOES . . .

Kellogg's All-Bran relieves constipation because it supplies this natural bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass

that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Start to-morrow morning. Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.



True-to-life story



of Mrs. I. Carew,
Panania, N.S.W.

"... was really worried"



1. "For many years I was troubled with constipation."



2. "I was really worried about my health."



3. "Then some time ago a friend of mine recommended your 'All-Bran'. I didn't think a food could cure constipation but I bought a packet just the same."



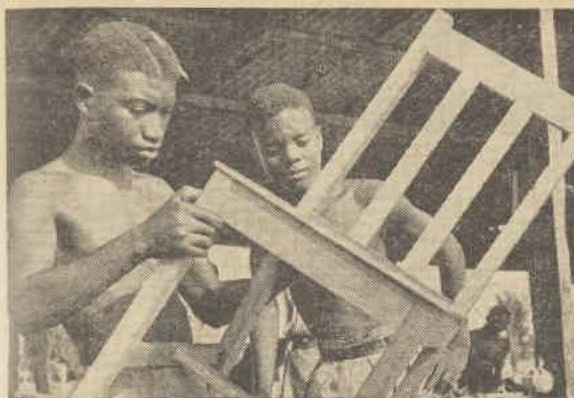
4. "Before I had finished the second packet I was back to regular health. I eat 'All-Bran' every morning with milk and sugar and I've never been troubled with constipation since."
(Mrs.) I. Carew.

Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN*

*Registered Trade Mark

Compensation cheques for British blitz victims



NATIVES on Gold Coast making furniture for blitzed families in Britain. Hundreds of items have been distributed as gifts since the war ended. (British official photograph.)

But money won't buy treasures that bombs destroyed

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

An official envelope with a cheque inside will come to 300,000 British families this month.

The money is to be paid as compensation for the loss in the blitz of their chattels, ranging from everything they had, even to the bowl of pet goldfish that was blown out of the front parlor.

THESE families have lived in and out of suitcases, or with relations, or from hotel to hotel, or as evacuees, ever since their particular German bomb fell into their lives.

The cheque they will get will not compensate for the loss of their private worlds, nor for any of the precious little things in them that disappeared.

Two million British families who have already been "compensated" prove this.

Of the round dozen people I spoke to in the last batch now expecting blitz compensation, not one intends to try replacing what he lost.

"It's no use trying to kid ourselves that we shall have the same sort of home again for years yet," said Alf Eastland.

He is a railway porter, short, stocky, father of five children, and their six-roomed apartment in the East End, near Stepney, is now a waste of weed-grown rubble.

"You can't replace the little things in the home that came to mean so much."

Just one instance is a marble dining-room clock, a model of St. Paul's Cathedral with the face set in the dome. It was a wedding present, and it chimed every quarter hour.

"My eldest daughter, Kathy, was very proud of it, and showed it off to every friend she brought in."

"In place of the marble clock there is a tiny alarm that keeps dreadful time. It's a symbol of all

the trash with which we would have to refurnish if we bought now."

"You can't replace the fine, solid bedroom suites or the comfortable easy-chairs we had. I lost my favorite easy-chair, of course, and I am expected in this modern age to sit in a streamlined wooden thing they offer at almost the same price."

"We had to buy thick, plain china, cheap cutlery, but we absolutely refuse to buy the rickety utility furniture they're selling at enormous prices these days."

"I guess we are like most of the people who are blitzed out—ready to wait years till we can get a real home fit to put decent furniture in, and hoping by the time that comes there will be decent furniture."

Some buy mink

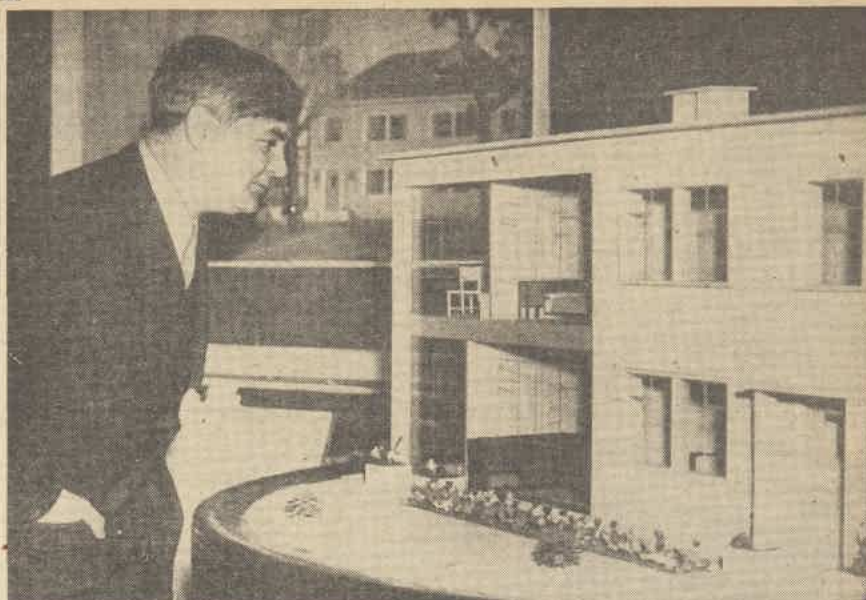
To allow for greatly risen costs, a person claiming £200 receives £300, half as much again. This extra allowance decreases as the claims get higher, for these claimants are proving they are not in the really needy class.

Some are philosophic and plan holidays with their money, or clothes, or cars, or even extravagant mink coats and pearl necklaces, rather than wait to enjoy the practical value for their cheque.

The majority of the needy claims have been settled in the two million people already compensated.

The remainder who receive their settlement cheques in July number some quaint claimants.

There are claims from farmers whose horses and cattle died after



REPLACING England's bombed houses presents a terrific problem to her Minister for Health and Housing, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who looks with interest at a model prefabricated house.

eating bits of Army barbed wire or enemy strappell; would-be poets demanding thousands of pounds to recompense the loss of their masterpiece manuscripts; authors, crooks, forgetful old people who omitted to claim before.

Goldfish gave investigators one of their biggest headaches.

A city man, whose chief solace was to sit in a deck-chair watching his goldfish, claimed £500 when a bomb landed in the garden and the pond disappeared.

A special assessor first painstakingly got details of how many fish were in the pond.

He struck what he cynically described as a rare case—a claimant whose tally of goldfish could actually fit into the pond, and who gave the names of the various breeds.

Then he checked with the head keeper of the Zoo Aquarium and an expert goldfish breeder in Surrey. The claimant was awarded £400.

The few families who have already been allotted new houses and flats are the luckiest, and most have furnished them with modern utility furniture. They have varying respect for it, according to what they got, and what they lost.

In Lambeth I met Mrs. Julie Hayford, wife of a fruit barrowman, who once lived in the slum area of Bermondsey.

A buzzbomb destroyed her world, which centred proudly on a walnut bedroom suite, an oak dining-room suite, a wardrobe of clothes that had a whole private history of scraping and womanly planning, the elaborate dinner service of dainty-patterned china, many other wedding presents.

She lost the lot. To-day, in a grimy, dark kitchen



NOVEL FURNITURE in England to replace solid old mahogany and cedar destroyed in the blitz includes bedroom suites such as this made of basaltion (impressed aluminium), coated in delicate pastel plastic. (Photos: U.K. Information Office).

where she wraps up every bit of food in an effort to keep the mice out, Mrs. Hayford said:

"They called the home I lived in a slum. Some papers even hinted that the Germans were doing something for us that our own planners would take years to do."

"Well, my place, compared with this, was a little corner of heaven. I kept it spotless, and I was proud."

"When it went, I claimed my compensation and went hunting for a new place straightaway for my husband and two daughters."

"The result is this," she gestured round the tiny kitchen, lit wanly by a gas mantle, "two rooms besides this, and no hope of getting anything better for years."

"What could I do with compensation in a place like this? I'll tell you what I did do with it."

"First, I took the girls on a holiday—down in Cornwall—till they got over the shock of bombing."

"I bought them some nice clothes, paid for their education through business college, bought my husband a couple of nice suits, and tried to replace a few of the clothes I lost."

"Then I bought one of those utility bedroom suites—you know, a rickety wardrobe, a deal dressing-table, a double bed that looked like collapsing—for £30."

"And after that, there was nothing left."

"Just give me back that little 'slum' I had!"

BABY BANTERS

Higher mathematics

By Constance Bannister



Arithmetic's tough.



I can count my fingers, though.



And I can even do two and two.



But I always forget my thumbs.



How To Get Ahead in Life By Means of a Larger Vocabulary

THE NUMBER OF WORDS YOU KNOW and can use correctly is the most important single measurement by which others judge your ability. Therefore, a better command of words will not only help you get ahead faster; it will also give you assurance, build your self-confidence, lend colour to your personality, increase your popularity.

If your vocabulary is limited, your chances of success are limited. The greater your vocabulary the more likely you are to succeed.

The truth of this has been proved time and time again by experts who have given thousands of scientific tests comparing the vocabularies of successful executives with run-of-the-mill employees.

In fact, many leading psychologists use vocabulary tests alone to determine a person's intelligence. It has now been abundantly shown that such tests are 90 per cent. as accurate in determining your intelligence quotient as the famous (but more complicated) Stanford-Binet "I.Q." tests.

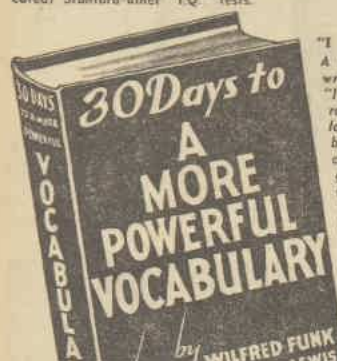
HOW TO ACQUIRE A LARGER VOCABULARY IN ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You have probably always wanted to increase your vocabulary. But up to now, perhaps, you have never found a method which would actually make you eager to do it. That is why you will welcome this announcement of a special Australian edition of a wonderful new book, "30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary," which makes it exciting fun to learn new words. This book is divided into 30 delightful daily chapters. Each day you spend 15 enjoyable minutes with this book—and it does FOR you, and for your vocabulary, the things you can read about in 30 little boxes shown here at the right.

"I LIKE THIS BOOK IMMENSELY."
A famous literary critic (A. L. S. Wood) has written:

"I like this book immensely. In 30 days it really will give you a more powerful vocabulary. It will give almost anyone a better understanding of his language, a closer grasp of its infinite variety, and a greater love for this English language of ours."

"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary" is not an expensive book. It is a book of incalculable value to all who desire self-improvement—a book that will give you the kind of mastery of words that will transform your whole life. Send the coupon at once to STAR EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COY., Box 4444, G.P.O., Sydney.



STAR EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
(Douglas Davies, Director), Box 4444, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me, without obligation, price and other details about "30 DAYS TO A MORE POWERFUL VOCABULARY." I enclose two 2½d. stamps to cover postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

470701A, PV

30 THINGS THIS BOOK WILL DO FOR YOU IN 30 DAYS

1. Show you how you may talk and write your way to greater business success and social position.
2. Give you a series of fascinating tests showing whether your language helps or handicaps you.
3. Explain why world-leaders, successful men and women, all have powerful vocabularies.
4. Show how increasing your vocabulary develops your mind and imagination; leads you to success.
5. Demonstrate the explosive power of words; how they can win or lose a friend or job. Simple exercises in choosing dynamic words.
6. Show you how to add words to your vocabulary, while at dinner, listening to radio, reading newspaper, or looking at signs.
7. Explain how words can make you appear brilliant or ignorant; and how to turn them into your slaves.
8. Demonstrate how your expanding vocabulary builds self-confidence; lends new colour to your personality; increases your popularity.
9. Explain neither age nor any lack of education need handicap you to gaining a mastery of words.
10. Illustrate entertaining methods that, in 30 days, will give you more new words than the average person acquires in 25 years.
11. Analyse scientific words in common usage, which everyone should know how to pronounce correctly.
12. Show you how to find exactly the right words to express your innermost feelings and ideas.
13. Instruct you on words ending in "ology"; and how using them artfully can be so embarrassing.
14. Show you seventeen ways to describe what people are like; and how to avoid hackneyed expressions when doing so.
15. Show you seventeen ways to define the faults of human beings; and to avoid the commonplace in your conversation.
16. Explain how you can help to create the English language; and the way in which slang attains respectability.
17. Give you a surprise test that shows the astonishing progress you have already made in increasing your vocabulary.
18. Explain how to capture personality in words, making them and yourself more interesting to others.
19. Demonstrate why adjectives add flavour to your language; and how to use them more effectively.
20. Describe an easy way to remember the words you learn, so that the progress you make through this book will never be lost.
21. Describe how Latin word-roots multiply your vocabulary so amazingly.
22. Give you ten fascinating quizzes which "nail down" your three weeks' progress.
23. Give you a quiz challenge that will test your wit in guessing at word meanings.
24. Teach you a group of vital words that describe you and your personality.
25. Give you simple exercises on French phrases which will make your speaking or writing more engaging.
26. Give you ten key words that describe the kind of words we use, and how to know into which classification words fall.
27. Illustrate some interesting examples of how words are built and how to use them to impress others.
28. Teach you some simple classic "tricks" which will quickly and automatically increase your language power.
29. Entertain you with a fascinating sketch showing how words change their meanings; how our language shifts, changes and grows.
30. Give you thirty scientific tests to prove how far you have come and show you how to make vocabulary building a lifetime habit.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Post the Coupon now to find out all you want to know about this wonderful book.

If you would rather not cut out this Coupon, just send your name and address with two 2½d. stamp s. to Box 4444, G.P.O., Sydney.

CAS.84.

KNOW THE INTIMATE SECRETS OF LIFE and HEALTH

IGNORANCE IS DANGEROUS! Will You Marry? Are You Married? Have You a Family?

Then send the coupon below to Box 4444, G.P.O., Sydney, for free booklet describing fully "The Modern Home Medical Adviser," and learn how easy it is for you to obtain Trustworthy Information to help you understand the Human Body, Personal Hygiene, Health Rules, Food Values, Facts of Life, etc.

COMPREHENSIVE — UNDERSTANDABLE — RELIABLE — OUTSPOKEN. NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS GREAT BOOK.
24 MEDICAL SPECIALISTS TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Over 6000 Medical and Health Facts . . . Written Clearly, Ethically, Frankly, and Authoritatively . . . with Accurate Illustrations.

You never know when sickness, accident, or emergency will strike! No home is complete unless it contains a modern, complete, and reliable adviser on EVERY question of health and the body. Here is the book you need, a NEW kind of book, written by 24 leading specialists, each an authority of the highest ethical standing. This book places at your fingertips, in easily understandable form, EVERYTHING you want to know about every organ, function, and condition of your body. It tells you also EVERYTHING you want to know, and SHOULD know about the Facts of Life.

HEALTH INSURANCE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

The Partial list of contents at the right can give you only a suggestion of all that is contained in the MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER. Here are the answers to your questions about: Diabetes, Constipation, Kidney Ailments, Reducing Diets, Cancer, Appendicitis, the Common Cold, Children's Diseases, Physical Factors in Marriage, Rhythm Theories of Fertile and Sterile Periods (with Tables), Heart Disease, High Blood Pressure, Allergy Skin Eruptions, Dandruff, Baldness, First Aid in Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Broken Bones, Drowning, Electric Accidents, and countless other topics.

WHAT TO TELL YOUR CHILDREN.
Here is the answer also to the problem facing every parent. The 81-page article on Sex Hygiene is considered one of the most commonsense treatments ever written—itself worth the modest price of the entire book.

GRATEFUL PURCHASERS SAY:
"A really valuable work . . . so practical because it is written in language that anyone can understand."—M.S. Manly.

"This wonderful book, I am very pleased with it."—S.T., Marrickville.

"I feel quite proud to have such a book in my possession."—D.M., Annandale.

"My wife and I are well pleased with it. It should be in every home."—F.L., Launceston.

"I am very grateful . . . I am sure this book will be a big help."—C.M.H., Portland.

"Very interesting and informative, and the money is well spent."—O.D., Brisbane.

"A good book, and worth the money."—F.A.S., Gympie.

"I have not regretted obtaining it, and I know it will be of great use to me."—B.J.R., Bathurst.



A Few of the Vitally Important Subjects Frankly and Thoroughly Covered.

Hygiene of Women, Diet-diet, Exercise, The Menstrual Cycle (Change of Life), Sex Hygiene, Touching of sex to the young child, Adolescence, Physical behaviour in middle and advanced life. Physical factors in marriage. Care of Mother Before and After Childbirth. Care and Feeding of the Child. Infant Hygiene. First Aid. In accidents, falls, bleeding, bruises, insect bites, gas burns, electric shocks, gas poisoning, fainting, bites, headach, Prevention and Treatment of Infectious Diseases, Germs, Prevention of Infection, Personal Hygiene of Childhood — Diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox, mumps, Infantile paralysis—how caused, how to identify, what can be done. Respiratory Diseases, The Common Cold, how caused, prevention, treatment. Summer Colds, Pneumonia, Tuberculosis, Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Disease of the Heart and circulation, Digestion and Digestive Diseases, The Kidney: its Diseases and Disturbances, The Blood and its Diseases. What is a "Blood Count"? Wassermann and Kahn tests, Anaemia, Hood Transfusion, Allergy and Hypersensitivity, Hay Fever, asthma, hives, Warts, eczema, etc. Various allergic agents, pollen, foods, animal hair, dust, smoky, insects, etc. Specific treatment. The Internal Glandular System, Diabetes, Blood Pressure, Cancer, The Skin, Eye, Ear, Tongue, Nose, Throat, Spleen, Catarrh, Parasite, Malaria, Hard Wax, Lice, Inflammation of Ear, Inflammation of Tongue, Plastic Surgery of Nose, Nose-bleed, Sinus, Soft Throat, Tonsillitis, Care of the Teeth, Advice on the Diet, Foods, fats and fancies, Calories, vitamins, Acid-base ratio in foods, alcohol, Diet, Food poisoning, Pasteur.

Over 900 pages, 138 Illustrations, 6000 Items.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

STAR EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COY.
Box 4444, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me without obligation to me of any kind free Descriptive Booklet about the "Modern Home Medical Adviser." I enclose two 2½d. stamps to cover postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

470701MA

SEND NO MONEY — TODAY!

Send the coupon today, with two 2½d. stamps to Box 4444, G.P.O., Sydney, for a Free Booklet which describes the contents of this Wonderful Book in full detail. Do not delay — stocks are very limited, and under present conditions cannot be replaced. If you do not wish to cut the coupon, send your Name and Address with two 2½d. stamps — BUT ACT NOW!

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

JULY 15 is an outstanding day that can bring both fortunate and adverse influences to bear on most star groups.

Geminitans, Sagittarians, Virgoans, Pisceans, Cancerians, and Scorpians are those most affected, and they should live wisely and avoid confusion.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live cautiously this week and dodge trouble, especially on July 8 (forenoon), 10, 11, 12, 13 (late), and 15 (to 9 p.m.). Keep to routine work.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): July 13 (after 5 p.m.) fair, 14 (to noon) good. July 15 (evening hours) helpful for minor matters.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): A difficult week. Early part poor, but benefits likely on July 14 (early) and 15 (midday or after 9 p.m.).

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Gains and promotions likely now. Best days July 9 (after 11 a.m.), 9 (to 9 p.m.), 10 (early), 14 (to 10 a.m.), and 15.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): July 10, 11, and 12 mildly helpful, but 13 and 14 poor. July 15 (11 a.m. to 4 p.m.) favorable for minor matters.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Difficulties likely this week, so be



cautious. July 13 (after sunset) and 14 (to 9 a.m.) very helpful. July 15 adverse.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Live cautiously now, and keep to routine, especially on July 10, 11, and 12. July 13 (midday) also poor, so avoid change and worry.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): July 8 (after 11 a.m.), 9 (to 9 p.m.), and 15 (to midday) very good. July 12 and 14 adverse. 13 (11 a.m. to 3 p.m.) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Beware minor pitfalls this week, and live quietly. However, July 10 (late), 11 (to dusk), and 12 (early) can prove fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Adverse conditions operate now, especially on July 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14. Live cautiously, and avoid changes and loss.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Disquiet days now. July 9 (to 9 p.m.), 11 (to 11 a.m.), 12, 13, and 14 all poor. July 15 (4 p.m. to 9 p.m.) quite helpful.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Break promotion, gains, and happiness now. July 8 (after 11 a.m.), 9 (to 9 p.m.), 10 (to noon), and 14 (to 10 a.m.) all very good. July 15 tricky.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 21-22 (21-24 expires July 30).

SUGAR: 57-516 (expires July 30, when 517, 518 become available).

BUTTER: 22-24 (expires July 30, when 22-27 become available).

MEAT: Black, 56-56, green 57-62.

CLOTHING: 1-56 current.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have become involved in a series of murders happening at a city theatre. First, Faravelli, famous singer, is killed by a poison dart; then the murderer kills a policeman who is protecting

SCHMIDT: Orchestra leader. As Mandrake

talks to Schmidt, a heavy curtain weight falls, narrowly missing him. Mandrake asks Pop, old doorman, if he saw who did it, and as Pop answers he is killed by a dart. Trying a new angle, Mandrake says he believes the killer is a member of the orchestra. Mandrake orders the musicians to file into the orchestra pit. NOW READ ON:



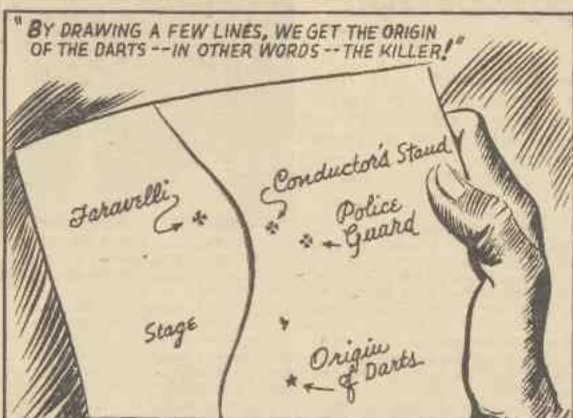
HOW YOU DOING, GENIUS?

NOT BADLY, WELL—I THINK I KNOW WHERE THE KILLER IS!

WHAT?



DARTS TRAVEL IN A STRAIGHT LINE, AND SUCH SMALL DARTS CAN'T TRAVEL FAR. NOW—WE KNOW THE POSITIONS OF FARAVELLI AND THE POLICE GUARD WHEN THEY WERE HIT, AND WE KNOW WHERE THEY WERE HIT. I'VE MADE A DIAGRAM.



"BY DRAWING A FEW LINES, WE GET THE ORIGIN OF THE DARTS—IN OTHER WORDS—THE KILLER!"



THERE IS A SUDDEN COMMOTION IN THE PIT—



STOP HIM! THAT'S OUR MAN!



MY MEN'LL COMB THE TOWN FOR HIM!

I STILL SAY--IMPOSSIBLE! THAT MAN WAS GALLO--MY FIRST VIOLINIST!



HOW COULD HE HAVE KILLED FARAVELLI AND THE POLICE GUARD? HE WAS PLAYING HIS VIOLIN WHEN THE MURDERS HAPPENED! AND MEN WERE SITTING ALL AROUND HIM!

WE'LL SEE.



HERE'S HIS VIOLIN. IF GALLO WAS PLAYING DURING THE KILLING, BOTH OF HIS HANDS WERE BUSY, RIGHT? WHAT'S THIS--?

TO BE CONTINUED



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mrs. Michael Kidd, formerly Elizabeth Morshead, signs register at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, while her handsome husband looks on. Elizabeth is only child of Lieut-General Sir Leslie Morshead and Lady Morshead, Vaucluse.



PARENTS OF HAPPY COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. James Kidd, of Echo Hill, Kootingal, parents of the bridegroom (left), and Lieut-General Sir Leslie Morshead and Lady Morshead, parents of the bride, snapped as they leave St. Michael's church after Elizabeth and Michael's marriage.



PRETTY ATTENDANTS at Kidd-Morshead wedding. Mrs. James Thompson (left), Mrs. James Petrie, and Phyllis Cook snapped as they enter St. Michael's. Girls wear apple-green moire taffeta frocks with gold crinoline hats trimmed with green velvet streamer ribbons.



YOUNG DOCTOR ENGAGED. Dr. Brian Dunn and his fiancée, Margaret Booth, at engagement party given by Margaret's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Booth, Maroubra. Brian well-known athlete and medico.

Intimate Gossipings

ICY winds making us huddle over fires and radiators in the city are greeted enthusiastically by skiers, who commence their snow holidays. Ski Club of Australia members begin successive fortnights and arrive in great form at Chalet at Kosciuszko.

Kosciuszko is not only spot for skiers. Mount Franklin, 40 miles from Canberra, has its snow season in full swing. While foreign diplomats, visitors, and local residents of capital shiver, skiers, in colorful woollies and smart ski outfits, enjoy snow sports. Mount Franklin Club has 150 members and Chalet there provides sleeping accommodation for 40, with bunks and central heating to welcome back hardy souls who've braved the elements.

Am told club has all modern facilities for marvellous skiing holiday with a radio telephone connection with Canberra for those who want to keep in touch with outside world.

Although slopes aren't quite as good as Kosciuszko, secretary Ron Bell tells me club will improve facilities and hopes these will attract many Canberra residents and tourists to capital's snow fields.

CELEBRATING 65th wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Small, of Balmain entertain more than 50 guests at party held at home of one of their five daughters, Mrs. E. Mowbray-Boyer, of Marrickville. Among guests are old school pupils who were taught by Mr. Small at Uralla many years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Small's other daughters, Mesdames W. P. Hatfield, of Wollongong, Mrs. A. M. Taylor, Mrs. G. L. Moncrieff, of West Wyalong and Mrs. J. M. Hamilton, of Warrag, were also at the party.



SHORE BALL. Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Richard Eastway (right) attend Shore Ball at Trocadero with Mr. and Mrs. Denis Garland. Mrs. Eastman before her recent marriage was Narelle Darch, of Balgoolah.



CELEBRATION. Sheila Moss dines at Prince's with fiance Neville Christie. Neville comes to Sydney from property, Barcona, Singleton, when Sheila and he announce engagement.



BRONZE MEDAL for Virginia Smith when she receives award from Lieut-General Northcott, while Frank Medworth, in charge of art department of East Sydney Technical College, looks on.



CELEBRATING FOURTH OF JULY. Stella Wilson, Mrs. Robert Butler, wife of Ambassador for U.S.A., and her daughter Catherine at musicale at Pickwick Club, given by American Women's Club.

SYDNEY younger folk will foregather at . . . Dance at White City this Saturday to raise funds for Waverley Nursery Kindergarten. Robin Richards, Coral Coles, Margaret Halliday, Bill Sullivan, and Margaret Fletcher are organisers, and Coral arranges buffet supper for few friends at Bellevue Hill home before going on to dance . . . Old Trinitarians' Union twenty-first annual ball at Grace Auditorium this Wednesday. "Old Boy" John Antill, who wrote "Corroboree," will be guest of honor . . . Late afternoon party at Savarin this Friday arranged by Sydney branches of N.E.G.S. Old Girls and T.A.S. Old Boys.

ENGAGEMENTS announced: Judith Woolaston, elder daughter of the P. C. Woolastons, of Tamworth and Cryon, to Peter Heath, youngest son of Mrs. P. C. Heath, of Allonby, Carlisle . . . Fay Ditchmen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ditchmen, of Linville, Queensland, to Charles Blanchard Jones, third son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Jones, of Condobolin.

AFTER honeymoon at Avalon, Frank Ball, of Western Australia, and his bride, formerly Raa Murchie, who were recently wed at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, are making their home in Brighton, Melbourne.

FEATURES of Y.W.C.A. annual International Ball, which is held at new Gloucester Club, Canberra, is special table decorations. Feathery wattle is used to decorate Australian tables; gorgeous masses of holly berries for the United Kingdom tables; and small potted pines, snow-cold and bright with tinsel, for Canada. Gaily colored tulips are used to decorate Netherlands tables. Many of the guests who attend ball go on from United States Embassy five-to-seven Fourth of July reception.

AFTER flight from Sydney Mrs. W. H. Swaffield is busy settling into her new home in Kuala Lumpur with her seven-weeks-old son, Anthony.

LOTS of parties planned for Royal Navy "types" when they arrive in Sydney towards end of this month. On July 25 members of Young Contingent of Victoria League plan formal dance plus floor show at Vere Mathews' restaurant. Ladies in Contingent, who did such a marvellous job of arranging hospitality for R.N. when they were here before, have had letters from many of the lads renewing old friendships. On July 26 party is to be held at Miss Knox's home at Bellevue Hill. Hospitality committee of Victoria League arrange Sunday night party on July 27, and next night Young Contingent of League again arrange dance at Federation House. Floor show for dance will be arranged within League with talent among young members.

GAY supper dance at Christy's when Captain and Mrs. D. M. Keith, of Cremorne, entertain young friends of their daughter, Justina Pamela, who celebrates her coming-of-age.

BRIEFLY: The Fred Whites, Moree residents for past twenty-three years, now making their home at Collaroy . . . Honeymoon in Melbourne and Adelaide for James Wiggins and bride, formerly Iris Cook, of Lake Cargelligo . . . Another honeymoon couple, Stan and Yvonne Stougie, return to Sydney after honeymoon at Carrington, Katoomba . . . Leaving for visit to Wales in Orion, newlyweds Rev. W. L. Sanders and bride. She was Margaret Granger, of Lismore, where Rev. Sanders has been acting-rector at St. Andrew's. Couple will visit bridegroom's family in Wales.

DOUBLE christening in Moree in the Amos family when the Robert Amos have their son William christened at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and the A. B. Amos' son Bruce is christened at All Saints' Church of England. After the ceremonies relatives and friends of both families are entertained at the Max Hotel, Moree.

Joyce

WORTH Reporting

WHITE - HAired, blue-eyed, erect Captain Benjamin Palmer, 71-year-old skipper of the South Sea Evangelical Mission's motor vessel *Evangel IV*, now on her way to the Solomon Islands, told us before he left Sydney about his apprenticeship to the sea.

"My mother paid £60 for me to be an apprentice, and that gave me the right to wear four brass buttons and chase the girls. The girls needed more chasing then. You had to cough before you spoke to them."

Born in Wiltshire, England, the captain rode to hounds when 19 years old, and at 14½ went to sea in the *Drumalia*.

"My mother used to come aboard as far as the river-mouth, when she would be taken off by the mud-pilot. Mud-pilots were important men in those days and they wore kid gloves."

"I was in clipper wool-ships. We did the trip to Australia in 90 to 96 days, with a cargo of chocolates in 400-gallon tanks in the lower hold. The chocolates were for one of the big Sydney stores. These tanks were afterwards sold to country stations for water purposes."

Captain Palmer's last job, resigned in 1941, was Chief Shipping Inspector for the port of Newcastle, N.S.W. "Now I'm going to sea again. But I'm flying back. I'm going to see if the air is as good as the water."

From the expression on Captain Palmer's face we'd say that after so many years at sea the air couldn't possibly win.

Evangel IV is going to Guadalcanal, where she will pick up missionaries and take them to their various stations. Most of her construction was done at Sugarloaf Bay, Sydney, mainly by voluntary workers.

She is 75 tons gross, schooner rigged, with 30 h.p. Vivian engine.

Completely seaworthy, she has had trial runs, hitting up to 10½ knots. An interesting part of her construction is a hollow steel mizen-mast which carries away the fumes from the diesel exhaust.

Initial mistake

BRITISH troops, Australians, and American G.I.s who fondly hoped that future passengers in the former troopship *Mauretania* would be reading their thousands of initials carved into the teak deck rails were wrong. When the ship was refitted for her first postwar Atlantic cruises she was given brand new rails. The old ones with the names have been used as deck planks. New rails are pine, as there is a world shortage of teak.

A mixed bag

ANOTHER convoy of Australian animals has joined the platypus at Bronx Zoo, New York. It includes two wombats, a Tasmanian devil, a box of Australian liches, two wedge-tailed eagles, two possums, and four kangaroos. One kangaroo had a tooth out the day after he arrived, and had to receive a daily shot of penicillin at the Zoo Hospital.



The Australian Women's Weekly — July 12, 1947

Animal Antics



"You know, Ella, I sometimes wish you'd give up all thought of the stage."

What's the hold-up?

HARASSED head saleswoman at the brassiere counter of a leading Melbourne store was asked by a junior if the long-awaited delivery of strapless brassieres had arrived.

"Strapless brassieres? Don't ask me, my dear. They should have arrived last Friday! I don't know what's holding them up."

General stores on wheels

EVERY week-day morning passengerless, white-painted buses crawl along suburban streets in America, stopping every 60 yards or so. Women and children get on and off every few minutes, but don't want to go anywhere. They are doing the family shopping, for these buses have shelves packed with groceries, vegetables, and other household goods, and are the modern version of the street vendor.

Often these mobile stores are converted war surplus vehicles and are driven by ex-servicemen.

ENGLISH plastic bits for babies are finished with an inch or so wide hem, turned up to form a gutter or catchment area for the tasty bits that baby misses.

Liquidating their debt

A HOPEFUL resident of Valletta, Malta, has put forward an unusual solution to the question of Italy's reparations to the gallant little island for war damage. He points out that supplies of water have been low for years on Malta, and suggests that as Italy is unable to pay any reparations in money she should pay in water.

The uninvited

KEEPERS at the famous Whipsnade Zoo in Bedfordshire, England, are having difficulty in dealing with a self-invited guest. He is a 30lb. badger, the largest ever housed in Whipsnade.

He got into the estate a fortnight ago by burrowing under the boundary fence, and his presence worried the authorities particularly because he began upsetting many valuable game birds that are nesting at the moment in their large semi-natural enclosures.

A few days ago the keepers found him in a burrow near the pheasantry and dug him out.

They say he will probably eventually be sent up to the London Zoo, where cement floors will curb his digging proclivities.

All but the pay-off

AN insurance agent at Grimsby, England, has been putting his foot in people's doors for 35 years and has kept a detailed record of his rounds. Records show he has knocked at 3,640,000 doors, cycled 182,000 miles—equal to about 7 times around the world—and has had eight of his 10 cycles stolen. He has entered £2,730,000 worth of business on his books, and has worn out 15 fountain-pens.

The only secret figure in his formidable statistics is how much commission his 35 years' work has meant to him.

Murder Incorporated

PROLIFIC mystery-writer Mr. Arthur Gask, of Adelaide, has just celebrated his 78th birthday by signing a contract to produce three more detective stories for London publisher Herbert Jenkins. His last two novels earned £1000 each in royalties in the first three months of circulation.

Tall and scholarly, Mr. Gask began writing when he was 52 years old, shortly after he arrived from London to take up dental practice in Adelaide.

"Patients were rather slow arriving, and so I filled in time writing," he says.

Publishing his first novel, "The Secret of the Sandhills," at his own expense, he created detective Gilbert Larose, and got him to solve a murder at Henley Beach, South Australia.

It was read by Herbert Jenkins, who immediately cabled for more murder from him. Mr. Gask has been on the job ever since.

The last two of his 25 murder mysteries have also been published in Spain and Czechoslovakia.

His early books had Australian settings, but at the request of his publisher the last 14 had English and Continental backgrounds.

Starting work at his home at Walkerville at 9 every morning, he writes until lunch-time and spends the rest of the day reading the latest overseas magazines, novels, and scientific publications to keep his characters abreast of the times.

As a former medical student and dental surgeon, he knows poisons and drugs backwards.

WHAT next department? A friend of ours who is a reporter on a paper in Cardiff, Wales, was sent to get a story on a factory fire. When he arrived at the blackened remains he asked the manager what was made at the factory.

"Oh," said he, "we make a substitute for dried milk."

Theme song as tribute

WE were a little puzzled at the first Sydney concert given by John Charles Thomas when the famous American baritone started the evening by singing an item not on the programme.

On investigation we found we should have been proud rather than puzzled because this item is only sung by John Charles when his reaction to the audience is favorable.

It was the theme song he sang every Sunday morning for three years to start his radio session in America, and begins with the words "Oh, thank me not for the song I sing thee."

It is a translation from a German song called "Devotion," and its idea is that the song is good because the singer has been inspired by his listeners.

Home delivery

A NEWSPAPER which will drop from the home radio set in time for breakfast is practicable now, according to a report on the Press and communications assembled by a committee of American university professors.

Such a newspaper, they say, would go to press at the local radio station at, say, 5 a.m., would be broadcast from frequency modulation transmitters, and be reproduced in facsimile by the home receiver.

PATTERNS PATTERNS PATTERNS



7 pages of the latest and most up-to-the-minute winter fashions

In the Special

JULY WINTER FASHION ISSUE

of the

"Australian Home Budget"

- ★ A striking three-quarter box coat with a swing back and unusual sleeve treatment.
- ★ For teen-agers—a cutaway bolero suit with a slim high-waisted skirt and a darling of a blouse.
- ★ Four charming frocks for matrons—ideal for town or business wear.
- ★ Three distinctive all-purpose suits and blouses with all the latest fashion features.
- ★ Tailored six-button top coat with the new into-the-wrist sleeves.
- ★ Dream-of-an-evening dress with bouffant skirt and sweetheart neckline.
- ★ Special Concession Pattern of enchanting draw-string blouse straight from New York.

4 Pretty Knitteds to make Yourself!

- ★ A lacy-knit frock—the prettiest you've seen for some time.
- ★ A sleeveless pullover with bow panels for the outdoor girl.
- ★ A jumper in unusual blue-bell design.
- ★ It's smart to wear your heart on your sleeve in this cardigan with its design of interwoven hearts.

Other features include: Complete short stories . . . film news . . . special articles, the Gloucester family in their English home . . . talk for teen-agers . . . advice on careers.

Get your copy of the

JULY WINTER FASHION ISSUE

of the Australian

Home Budget

NOW ON SALE . . . PRICE 6d.

Girls are now serving under the Red Duster



NEW ITEMS in seagoing officers' kits are beauty compacts. Here Junior Officers Margaret Searle (seated) and Iris Cooper (seen in the mirror) make good use of theirs before going on deck.

First batch of six in Stratheden thrilled to make history

By ARCHIE MACDONALD from London

"Shefarers" make maritime history this month as the first Merchant Navy women officers and petty officers on the Australian shipping run.

They are called "Shefarers" around Tilbury Docks, where the Australia-U.K. ships berth, and in their own ship, the P and O liner Stratheden (23,700 tons).

STRATHEDEN has signed on six women, two as junior officers and four as petty officers, for her first postwar voyage.

All are Londoners born-and bred, and their sea time until they joined the Stratheden for the day's run from Liverpool to Tilbury was made up by holiday trips on the New Brighton paddle-wheeler ferry or a placid crossing of Spithead—also by paddle-wheeler—from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight.

Australian travellers will be delighted by their charm of manner, smart appearance, and efficiency when the Stratheden arrives at Fremantle on July 22.

I met the "Shefarers" in the Stratheden at Tilbury and spent a day watching them at work in charge of the liner's Australian-born purser, Mr. Clive Bennett.

The officers are Miss Margaret Searle, an attractive brownette, and Miss Iris Cooper, a striking brunette, who served with the W.A.A.P. on special radar duties at Northolt during the war.

They were dressed in Wren officers' navy-blue rig of skirt, well-cut jacket, white shirt, black tie, black silk stockings, black shoes, and the snappy tricorn hat with the P and O badge of a rising sun and anchor embroidered in gold thread.

Their tropical rig is white drill, with a narrow gold-striped black epaulet on the shoulder and a "stenographer" flash on the lapels of the jacket.

Misses Searle and Cooper are known as stenographers, though actually their duties at sea will be the equivalent of a naval ship's writer.

They have done a two months' course ashore "stoozing around" the various departments of the P. and O.'s head office in Leadenhall Street.

They will be in direct contact with passengers—answering questions and attending to complaints at the purser's office.

No longer will Purser Bennett watch a junior officer in sweat and agony laboriously ploughing through a crew list or manifest by two-finger typing.

Both girls are high-speed typists and can do any secretarial job.

Two things Margaret and Iris



SWITCHBOARD job for Mrs. Ena Williams and Miss Joan Poppleton. There are 450 extensions on the Stratheden's board.

want to see in Australia are the Blue Mountains and Sydney's lovely beaches.

They share a well-furnished first saloon E-deck double-berthed cabin, and have all their meals in the first saloon dining-room. They have equal pay with junior male officers doing the same work and are similarly found.

Among the petty officers is a war widow, Mrs. Ena Williams, a Londoner, whose husband, John, a Lancaster bomber flight-sergeant, lost his life during the Normandy landings.

Heard a "buzz"

THE others, all Londoners, are Misses Margaret Pritchard, Patricia Cane, and Joan Poppleton.

Joan Poppleton, 22, has lovely wavy blonde hair and a perfect telephone voice. She is an ex-Wren, and worked in the Admiralty Office at Bath during the war as a telephonist, and as a Navy transport driver.

"I was working on the switchboard of the P. and O.'s head office when I heard a buzz that the company intended to sign on girls for Stratheden as petty officers.

"I could not get my application

in fast enough, as I have always wanted to go to sea and sail to Australia."

Joan is excited about meeting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Leven, of Abbotsford, Sydney, and she also has several girl pen-friends in Melbourne.

"When it was suggested she might have a boy pen-friend in Melbourne she indignantly denied it, and said: "None of us is interested in marriage for a long time yet."

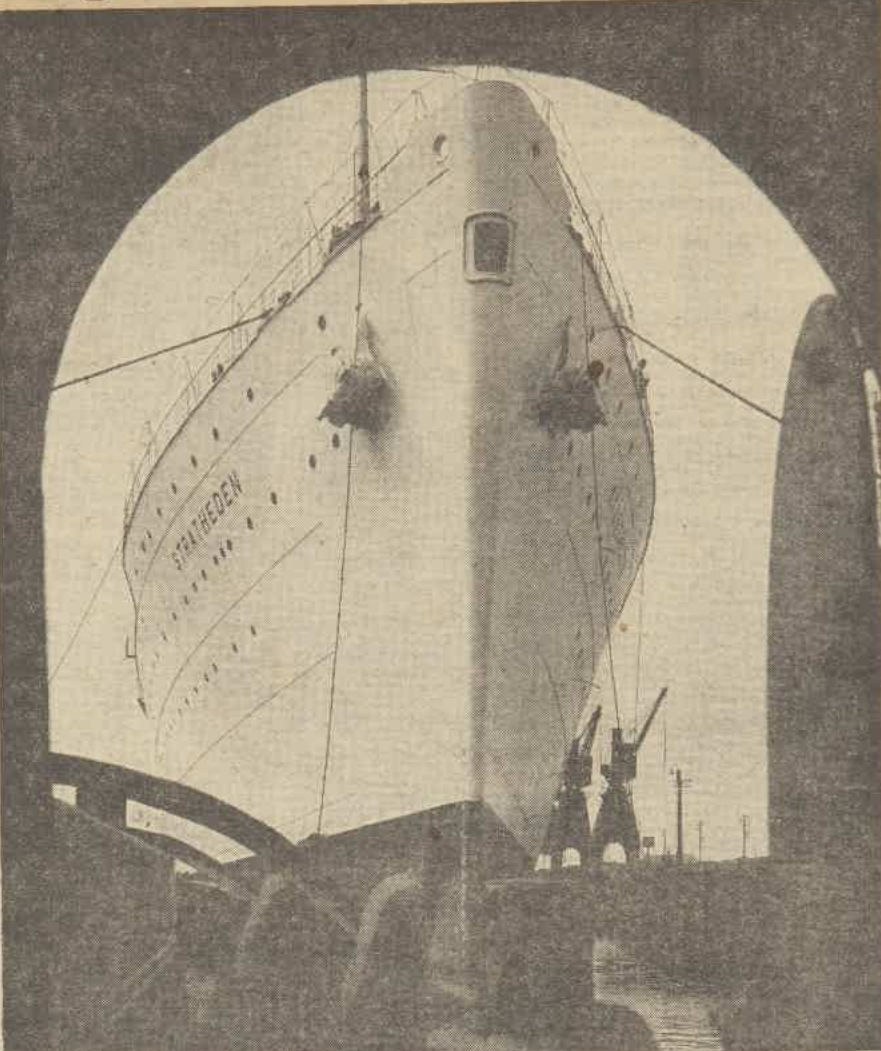
"We are all career girls, aren't we?" she asked the other petty officers. There was a chorus of "Yes."

Margaret Pritchard, 27, served more than four years in R.A.F. signals, and was "demobbed" a few months ago.

She said she got her "yen to go to sea" eight years ago when she went to Southampton to farewell her brother John, a member of the crew of the Cunarder Mauretania.

"I went on board Mauretania, and I really sailed in her in spirit on that occasion. Now I am going to sea in fact, and I have achieved my life's ambition," she said.

Patricia Cane, 27, also an ex-Wren, served in the R.N.'s aircraft-director station at Kete, Wales, as



IMPRESSIVE angle shot of Stratheden at Tilbury Dock.



"SHEFARERS" ON DECK. Top: Joan Poppleton (left) and Pat Cane, and below: Mrs. Ena Williams (left) and Margaret Pritchard.

telephonist, and in the National Fire Service.

Before the war she was receptionist at the Army and Navy Stores, and at the Strand Palace Hotel, with its 1400 bedrooms.

The watch below came to relieve Pat and Ena on the 450-extension-line phone board.

Margaret and Joan took over, and Ena, known as the "saucy box" of the party, burst into Cockney.

After hearing her carefree cultured tones on the phone, it was a bit of a shock to hear her say:

"Give us me tit-for-tat (hat), Ducks. Keep your mince pies (eyes)

open. I'm going for a Rosie Lee (cup of tea), and then a spot of Uncle Ned (bed)."

With this superb piece of histrionics Ena grabbed her "tit-for-tat," and dashed down the "apples and pears" (stairs).

Stratheden's "Shefarers" got their chance to serve afloat because hundreds of ex-servicewomen besieged shipping offices asking for sea jobs when the war was over.

Girls have been signed on the Queen Elizabeth and Mauretania on the Atlantic run. Now the P. and O. Company has followed suit on the Australian run.

Great Danes are gentle giants

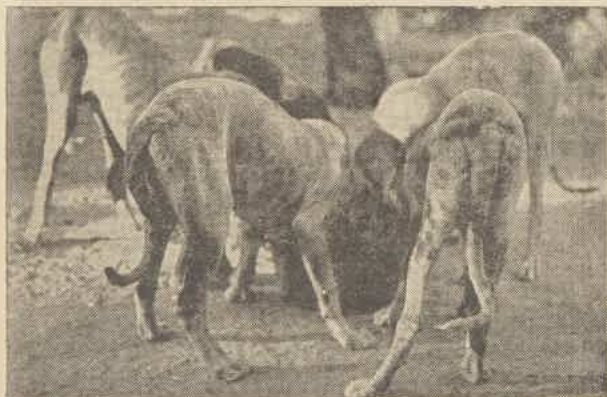
Dr. and Mrs. A. Castleburg, of Danecourt Kennels, Wollongong, N.S.W., where the pictures on this page were taken, say that Great Danes are ideal house dogs—mild, obedient, and affectionate.



HARLEQUIN markings of Lady Evelyn and daughter Ophelia add to value. They are seen here with Mrs. Castleburg.



FAMILY GROUP. Danes weigh 120 to 180 pounds, are groomed, gone over for ticks, flea-powdered, played with daily; pups get cod liver oil.



"GOODY-GOODY" means food. Tearing raw meat develops necks. **PUPS** (left) enjoy bread and milk. Already sold, they'll live in Malaya.



ON LEASH. As well, dogs have an hour's free run daily. Hunting instinct is strong in Danes. Dr. Castleburg disapproves of forced exercise until dogs are 10-12 months old owing to rate of growth.



DOG'S LIFE. It's easy to take, say ribbon-winners Monarch and Lady Evelyn, posing for our camera.

Her woollie has that NEW look...

that LUX LOOK!



"LOTUS" Evening Jacket, an exclusive Lux knitted.

Woollies stay new-looking far longer with gentle Lux care!

They star in every picture, Lux-washed woollies. Always so smart and debonaire... fresh as a lotus on a crystal pool. And they'll stay that way, season after season, with gentle Lux care. It's strong soaps and harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing that make woollies shabby before their time. But a dip in creamy Lux suds keeps woollies bright and shapely—with that lovely new look, that LUX LOOK.



FREE Send for these KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Free instructions for this smart evening jacket, LOTUS will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Office, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd. Box 4100 G.P.O. Sydney. W.W.

U3424

CORNERSTONE

By Dorothy M. Catts



An unforgettable romance of the loves and sorrows of a young couple in the early days of Australia—an historical document in fictional diary form that portrays the real scene in the founding colony.

At all booksellers.

Price 8/6

A SHAKESPEARE HEAD BOOK

ANN and Morgan went on. Sam made a dash for the gate, crouched down behind it, and dived head first into his knapsack. First, out came the sweater. Then the ski wax. Then the bandanna. Then the first-aid kit. Then the—

He peered dazedly into the knapsack's depths. After a moment he turned it upside down and shook it hard. No lunch. Just empty space, reeling around like mad. It was all too clear what had happened. With Morgan pawing the ground, he had repacked his knapsack carelessly after the ski-wax episode. That lovely brown paper bag which held his dearest treasure was parked somewhere in the snow, miles and miles away from its yearning owner.

Well, there was nothing to be done about it now, but he felt very sorry for himself as he caught up with Ann and Morgan.

Morgan said brightly, "We're getting into the hills now. There's quite a decent little downhill run here."

"A bit steep?" said Sam, gulping. Morgan waved airily. "Not really. I wouldn't advise you to take it straight, though."

"No, you'd better not, Sam," said Ann. "Go at an angle, and cut your speed." She pointed, demonstrating the proper path. "See? Crosswise."

Sam looked, saw, and gulped again. Straight down, it was an unbridled nightmare, and no place for a breakfastless, lunchless, hapless male.

"Take it easy, my dear fellow," said Morgan, bestowing a verbal pat on the head. He then gave an easy jump-around, pushed his poles into the snow, and shot spectacularly over the edge.

Ann said, "M'm'm'm" with appreciation, then glanced at Sam. "You will take it easy, won't you?" she said, smiled encouragingly, and vanished in Morgan's wake.

It was too much for Sam. Acting on a reflex over which he had no control, but which was based on an urgent need to impress Ann, he shot after them. By the time he had changed his mind it was too late.

The hill unspooled itself and rolled clean out from under him. The bottom was twenty light-years away, and the entire route was studded with large scrubby bushes. Sam remembered that Ann had taught him to lean forward on hills, and tried a progressive pose.

This was a mistake, as it made him go faster. One of the scrubby little bushes was rushing straight at him with mad devotion. Sam tried despairingly to jerk his skis around to the right. The bush, an expert at those square dances, eschewed in the same direction. There was a moment of suspended animation, followed by a crash.

A beautiful feminine voice cried, "Sam!" Sam hastily closed his eyes. Ann bent over him.

"Sam," she said remorsefully, "are you all right?"

The logical answer to this one was, obviously, "No, Tools, I am not all right. Get me out of here."

Sam, however, knew better. He opened his eyes, said weakly, "So this is what angels look like" and reached out for her hand.

This was Ann's cue to bend lower. Instead, she pulled her hand away and got abruptly to her feet. "You're all right," said Ann. "Quite, quite normal. . . . Pull him out, will you Jim?"

Morgan pulled him out, briskly and efficiently.

The next mile was a snowbound blur, during which Sam's mind clung doggedly to the fact that he had to keep up with Ann. He was a hollow shell of hunger, while his skis in the meantime had been putting on perfectly flat pieces of snow.

"Do you know," said Ann suddenly, "I'm getting hungry. Let's eat."

She settled herself on a near-by rock. Sam tottered over, sat down and said, in what was meant to be a firm voice, that he didn't believe in people stuffing themselves when they were taking heavy exercise.

Ann gave him a suspicious look. "Perhaps you're right," she said. "but one sandwich wouldn't hurt you. Here's a small one. I always bring too many."

Sam took it, said, "Well, if you insist—seeing it's you—" and, even as he spoke, the sandwich vanished inside him. Jim Morgan began to unpack his own lunch. Sam, feeling

Head Over Heels

Continued from page 4

giddy, put his elbows on his knees and stared at the snow.

Ann reached out a hand with an apple in it. "No, thank you," said Sam, taking a large bite.

After a while, Morgan peered into his knapsack, found it empty, and said, "Well, let's get going," in tones of well-fed vigor.

They began to climb, Superman as usual, surging on ahead, Ann second, and Sam dragging up the rear. He was numb from the metatarsal arch up, and his skis slid weakly on and over what appeared to be the same patch of snow.

Morgan stopped suddenly. Ann stopped, and Sam nearly fell over her. The snow in front of them shelved abruptly away in a crevasse, with the opposite side too far away to be strictly useful.

Ann said, "We'd better go round."

"Nonsense," said Morgan heartily, rounded at once. "It's just a good jump to the other side." He then added, "O'Neill can go round."

"Me, too," said Ann.

Morgan looked at her protestingly and nodded. "I shall jump it."

"I don't think you really ought to, Jim."

Morgan's grasp on his ski poles tightened sternly. He measured the distance with an eagle eye, took a good look at Ann to be sure she was taking a good look at him, crouched and leaped. The leap was tremendous. It was also six inches short. The Douglas bomber did a nose dive and vanished into the crevasse.

There was an explosion of snow and skier, a brief pause, and then a series of spirited remarks. Sam, dimly intrigued, peered over the edge. Superman appeared to be intact.

From the depths there arose a voice. The voice said, "Confounded skis broke."

Ann said, "Golly." There were more sounds from the depths, and in a moment Morgan announced peevishly that he was coming up and would O'Neill be so good as to lend him a hand. His tones were stiff and outraged. So were Sam's muscles. It seemed hard indeed that fate should demand any more of them, but Ann seemed to expect action. Sam lay flat on his face and stretched over the edge.

There was an intense moment of scrabbling and grunting, a heave, and Morgan came topside frosted with snow at all points. A long meditative silence followed his arrival. Then Sam said suddenly: "You're going to have to walk home."

A great wave of intense sunniness enveloped him. He looked upon Morgan, and forgave him everything. "Home, James" was going to have to be on foot, while Sam and Ann skied on alone, side by side, into the gloaming. An enchanting thought.

Morgan looked at him. "I think," he said, "that you had better let me take your skis."

For a moment, the remark didn't penetrate. When it did, it gave Sam a great deal of quiet amusement which he expressed in a happy yelp of laughter. "Me?" said Sam. "Give you my skis?"

Morgan reached into his pocket, found a cigarette, and lit it calmly. He then said, "Yes," and, without waiting for Sam to think up a crushing retort, he added: "You're managed to ruin Ann's whole day for her, O'Neill. You might at least see that she gets a ski home she'll enjoy."

Sam opened his mouth, and then he made the fatal mistake of looking at Ann. She was leaning back on her ski poles and staring at the ground. The droop of her lashes was wistful and the curve of her mouth was an echo. He had never seen Ann looking either tired or unhappy. Now she looked both.

And the trouble was that Morgan was right. He had spoiled Ann's day. She had probably been looking forward to the trip—a perfect day with a perfect skier. Just the same, he didn't like Morgan any better for being right. In fact, he very much wanted to punch Superman on the nose.

"Well?" said Morgan.

Sam sighed and uncured his fingers. "Okay, brother," he said, "they're all yours." He bent over

and unfastened his straps, kicked off his skis and shoved them to Morgan, sinking promptly through the snow crust and up to his knees.

Ann said, "No."

Morgan said, "You won't have any trouble getting back. Just follow the trail. . . . Come on, Ann."

"Go on, gorgeous," said Sam automatically.

"I—" said Ann.

Morgan, with Sam's skis on his feet, reached over, took Ann's hand, and pulled her toward him.

Sam looked at Morgan. "You see to it that she has a good time," he said.

"I'll see to it," said Morgan coldly. Sam watched them go over the brow of the hill and start down the slope. Rather belatedly, he yelled after them:

"Have a good time, Ann!" and then he sat down in the snow. All of a sudden, he felt hollow.

It wasn't because he hadn't had any lunch. It was because Ann was going down the hill and away from him.

After a while he got stiffly to his feet. There was a long journey ahead of him. Before he even reached the first bend in the trail he had fallen down three times because the crust of the snow wasn't firm enough to hold him up.

He rounded the bend. Someone was waiting for him. She had shinning brown hair and a ski suit that was severe but shapely.

Sam started to run. Mother Nature, that dear disingenuous old girl, stuck out a foot and tripped him for the fourth time. When he took his face out of the snow and got up, Ann was just standing there and looking at him.

When a girl just stands and looks at a man there is only one thing to do. It involves the use of both arms, and the routine is simple, effective, and guaranteed to work.

Sam just stood there. "I thought," said Ann, "that you knew all the answers."

"That was yesterday," said Sam. He didn't know any of the answers. But when the right one moved into his arms with her head on a level with his heart, he did know enough to hang on tight.

"Ann," said Sam, in the snappiest bit of dialogue he had ever achieved, "I love you!"

(Copyright)

SCRATCHY CLEANSERS WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME! POTS ARE SO PRECIOUS NOW, YET I'M SCOURED AND SCRAPPED EVERY DAY!



Clean Smoothly with VIM -NEVER SCRATCHES

HOORAY FOR VIM! I'M AN OLD-TIMER BUT VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES KEEP ME LIKE NEW.



Wm. S. 31/1

WARATAH

MOTOR SPIRIT

"The Spirit that Moves"



A Product of NEPTUNE

ALSO MARKETERS OF

HIGH VISCOSITY INDEX ensures complete lubrication in an instant

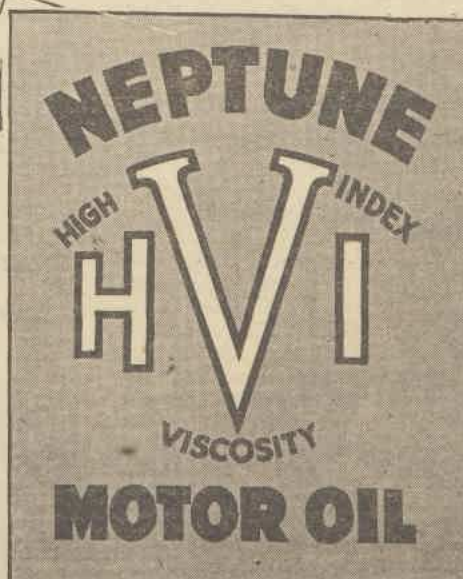
... which means that at low temperatures the oil flows as fast as a flash and releases the maximum power of your engine ... yet, at high temperatures, it retains its 'body' and protects every moving surface against wear.

Your engine will run better on Neptune H.V.I. Motor Oil. Consult the recommendation chart at your garage.

NEPTUNE OIL CO. PTY. LTD.

(Incorporated in New South Wales.)

MARKETERS OF QUALITY PETROLEUM PRODUCTS
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA SINCE 1909.



Happy life in housing settlement

ONCE I used to pity families who lived in housing settlements, though I admired their courage in battling against great odds. Now that I live in one, too, I realise I have never been so happy in the four years of my married life.

For my husband, myself, and our baby we have two bedrooms, a large living-room, and kitchen. Our home is self-contained, though the laundry is shared with five other families.

The rent in the housing settlement is half that which I paid before, with electricity thrown in for good measure.

We also have deliveries from the different tradesmen, including butcher, milkman, and grocer—luxuries which I have never enjoyed before. I play now the unfortunate folk standing in queues at the shops.

We may not be living in elegance, but home, with our flower and vegetable gardens, is all we want.

1/- to Mrs. Mollie Bayle, Flat 515A, Housing Settlement, Cullins Rd., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Ration for all

NOT begrudging the ex-servicemen of this recent war their tobacco, I think that the Diggers of the Great War should have a ration of tobacco as well.

Many to-day, broken in health, find it humiliating to keep asking for tobacco when there is only a faint chance that they will receive any because they are not granted a regular ration.

Surely, until supplies are back to normal, there is a fairer way of distribution so that all—soldiers or not—will receive an equal share.

5/- to Mrs. P. J. Martin, 37 Bryant St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

What's on your mind?

Latecomers

I READ with interest a reader's pet aversion (14/6/47). It was directed against people who arrive late at picture-shows.

Why not think of the folk who have young children to be put to bed first in the care of generous relations or friends? Or think of the cows to be milked and the household chores to be finished before driving 30 miles or so to the nearest cinema.

People like these think of their evening as a very special treat.

Usually the ones already there help latecomers to their places, which are taken with gratitude and as quietly as possible.

5/- to Mrs. G. M. Edwards, Glenorchy, Vic.

Parcelled up

I'M a busy woman, and when I go shopping I'm appalled at the way my time is wasted. Each time I buy something I have to wait until the assistant clears up the debris before I receive my parcel.

For instance, when I've chosen the material for curtains the server will roll up and put away all material before I get what I want.



This applies to everything. Why can't the assistant hand me my parcel before putting everything away? It would make all the difference to shoppers, and I don't see how it would be to the assistant's disadvantage.

5/- to E. G. Perouni, 572 Bowen Terrace, New Farm, Qld.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to 'What's On Your Mind?' c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of 1/- will be made for first letter used, and 3/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Finest country

I AM an Englishwoman and have lived here for nearly six years. I am of the opinion that this is the finest country in the world.

It has the best working conditions and is untouched by war. The schools teach children to be Australia-minded.

Migrants now arriving will reap many benefits here.

3/- to Mrs. F. Scott, c/o 'Lorelei,' 44 Anderson St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Time will tell

THROUGH the ages there have been many changes in forms of music and art. There is no set standard. Whenever a different form is introduced it is usually criticised by those of the old school. With the passing of time it is either recognised as being worth while or it is discarded.

Who are we to say the present-day trends of music and art will not be thought excellent in 50 years' time? Brought up on what we term classical music, we cannot give just value to the modern tendencies.

So future generations may blame us for not appreciating present-day music and art.

5/- to Mr. B. King, Glasshouse Mts., North Coast Line, Qld.

Gnamma holes

CATTLE overlanded from the north or centre of Australia often have 24 hours between drinks. Gnamma holes are huge rockholes with tiny entrances at the top and are found in the arid parts of Western Australia.

These hold many gallons of pure water condensed from dew. Very rarely will natives divulge their whereabouts to whites.

Similar apertures on a larger scale could be made of cement, with pumps attached. These could be made along the more waterless sections of stock routes.

Aala Minor and Abyssinia have dew-ponds—holes built with heeds of sticks, grass, and clay to cause condensation.

5/- to Forbes Scott, 6 Maxwell St., East Malvern, Vic.

A sticky moment

CHEWING-GUM addicts are often inconsiderate and unhygienic. Sometimes they paste their chewed gum under counters and tables in cafes.

Apart from being a bad habit, it causes embarrassment.

In a doctor's rooms recently, a blue-eyed, curly-haired child of about three was chewing intently.



Mother: What are you chewing, dear?

Child: Chewy!

Mother: Where did you get it?

Child: In the doctor's room—under the arm of the chair!

5/- to Ivy McLean, No. 3 Flat, 40 Gramercy Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Food carton plan for needy Britons

DURING the war service-men received Christmas hampers of a standard pack through the Australian Comforts Fund. Could not something similar be organised at once so that we could be of greater assistance to our folks in the Old Country throughout their coming winter?

My suggestion is that the Commonwealth Government should purchase the necessary tinned and packaged food in bulk. It could be packed in standardised cartons by voluntary labor, to be sold at cost price.

At the food depot all the purchaser would have to do would be to pay cash, address the carton, and leave it there to be shipped, not posted.

Perhaps the P.M.G. Department could arrange for lower postage rates.

5/- to Mrs. L. A. Gardner, Wynyard St., Guildford, N.S.W.

Good wives

ALTHOUGH many people think business girls do not make good wives, I disagree.

A business girl knows the worries of a business man, also the value of money, having worked for it herself. Without extravagance, she dresses neatly and carefully.

By experience she knows the worker's need of a quiet home at the end of the day. She knows the value of system in all work and does not worry if her husband does not get home right on time. She has been delayed herself.

I was not a business girl before my marriage, but I have noticed these qualities in married friends of mine.

5/- to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 20 Winifred St., Adelaide.

Make your wash the greatest Show on earth with that peppy

PERSIL DAZZLE

IT'S PERSIL'S OXYGEN THAT PUTS THE PERSIL DAZZLE IN ALL YOUR WASH.

Dad rings the bell

in his Persil Dazzle shirt . . . knocks the stuffing out of old Dan Dirty-White. That's because Persil suds are oxygen charged. Man, how they shift even deep-down dirt—not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it! Persil makes whites glowy-white—the whitest white of all.

You'll be riding high



on washdays when you see your carnival coloureds. For those Persil suds are regular busy-bodies at coaxing out the grime—leaving coloureds gay as clowns, fresh as a breeze. Persil washes brightest because it washes cleanest.

You too can get that PERSIL DAZZLE!



An Act Of Murder

Continued from page 7

KEEPING his own voice controlled, Keith went on:

"You weren't by any chance involved in a stabbing affray to-day, in Hay Street?"

"Most certainly not."

Keith turned to the knife-dealer. "Mr. Linden, is this the man?"

Linden went close to the actor, then stood back a few yards. He shook his head. "It looks like him. Of course, he was dressed differently then, but something else seems different, too, though I don't quite know what it is."

"Ever see this man before, Mr. Munson?"

"I have not. Look here, what's it all about?"

Keith pushed the newspaper towards him. Munson picked it up and stared at the photo. "What an extraordinary likeness," he said.

"More than that, Mr. Munson. The man in that photograph claimed that he was Ronald Munson. Tell me now, have you ever heard of a Mr. Joseph Guilfoyle?"

"No."

"You have no knowledge of any reason why someone should try to implicate you in a murder?"

"None whatever."

"Someone, perhaps, with unusual violet eyes?" Keith caught a surprised widening of the actor's eyes, but John Linden spoilt the moment.

"Ah, yes," the old man cried. "Now I remember. The eyes, yes. My Mr. Munson had very dark blue eyes. I remember them well."

The actor had regained his composure, and, try as he would, Keith could learn nothing more from him.

An hour later Keith went to the morgue with Sergeant Hathaway. He had noticed that in the police photographs Guilfoyle was wearing the diamond ring in a most uncomfortable position on his left little finger; around the lower joint.

"Sergeant," he pointed out as they inspected the now rigid body, "that ring fits his little finger all right, but he was not accustomed to wearing it there. There is no mark on the skin. The only mark on that finger is the torn skin on the knuckle where someone tried to pull the ring off after Guilfoyle was murdered. That makes this ring important to us, as it is obviously important to someone else, probably our murderer."

"Perhaps someone in the crowd tried to pinch it," suggested Hathaway, but Keith shook his head.

"An ordinary thief wouldn't take the risk of being mixed up with murder. No, I'm beginning to suspect that the blackmailed person was a woman, that when Guilfoyle saw this valuable ring on her finger he demanded it as well as the money, and that the murderer suddenly found himself with the additional job of getting the ring back, and couldn't quite manage it. If that's so, Hathaway, it means the ring can be traced."

"That's a big job, sir. She'd not be likely to claim it if we advertised in the papers, and it may have been bought years ago."

Keith shrugged. "Yes, it will be a long search, unless..."

"Yes?" prompted the sergeant, as his superior wandered thoughtfully from the morgue. "Unless what?"

Keith appeared to make up his mind. "Hathaway, everything about this murder has been theatrical; have you noticed that? I've no doubt that Mrs. O'Malley really did

see the killing, or at any rate the struggle by the murderer to get this ring off Guilfoyle's finger."

"We had the murderer in my office and we let him go, and he was a remarkably accomplished actor, believe me. He ran a considerable risk in waiting to be picked up and brought to headquarters, and it was done to throw suspicion on Ronald Munson, another actor. The knife itself was gaudy enough for a stage prop, and now there's this diamond ring. Look at it."

"Nice stone, sir. Bit big for my taste, but—"

Keith slapped him on the back. "Exactly. It's a plain, narrow setting, but a— a flamboyant stone. Hathaway, it's the sort of ring a woman might choose whose jewellery is also intended to show up in the footlights. If that's so, it narrows the field, doesn't it?"

The sergeant was dubious, but Keith brushed his doubts aside.

"Come on, Sergeant, we'll have some tea, then do a grand tour of the theatre. I don't quite know how to go about this, but I imagine a number of the actresses have 'dressers' we can talk to quietly. We can say the ring has been found and we are trying to return it to the owner; and isn't it the truth? I suppose we should start at the Gaiety."

They drew a blank at the Gaiety, and at the Hippodrome, the Victory, and the Savoy, but to Hathaway's disgust the inspector insisted that they keep on. Then, at 9.30, they entered the old Mayfair and came to the end of their search.

Three members of the cast, waiting backstage, identified the ring as belonging to a Miss Sheila Southern, and in the face of their identification she did not attempt to deny it.

They whisked her back to headquarters in a police car, learning on the way that Southern was her stage name only; her married name being Graham. She had missed the ring that morning, but knew nothing about any murder and had not seen any papers. Her husband was a cousin of Ronald Munson.

She gave a horrified little gasp of recognition as Keith showed her the newspaper photo, and said: "Yes, it does look like George. He and Ronald are very alike, but that is my husband in the picture. What on earth does it mean?"

Keith thought she knew very well what it meant, and happily led the pretty little dark-haired woman along the corridor towards his office. A man rose from the chair where he had been waiting, and stepped forward as the little group entered the room.

He wore a black homburg hat and carried a silver-tipped cane. Keith stared at the violet eyes and heard himself addressed in a pleasant, well-remembered baritone.

"Inspector Keith?" Mrs. Sheila Graham said. "George! What on earth have you been doing?"

Sergeant Hathaway, taking in the situation at a glance, stepped quickly across towards the visitor and grasped one of his arms.

The inspector flicked a switch on his desk. "Find me John Linden, the knife-dealer." He straightened and looked at Graham. "I did not think you would walk back into our arms like this, Mr. Graham, but it certainly saves us some trouble. I am arresting you for the murder of Joseph Guilfoyle in Hay Street at 12.30 p.m. this afternoon."

Graham remained calm. "I feared some complication of this sort, Inspector, when I saw the evening papers. I imagined the best thing to do would be to drop in and see you. You see, I was not in Hay Street at any time this afternoon, and I can quite easily prove it."

Keith laughed at him. "I don't suppose you were here in this room with Mrs. O'Malley, either."

"I most certainly was not."

"And I suppose you have never heard of Guilfoyle, and had no idea he was blackmailing your wife?"

Graham jumped to his feet and shouted, "Blackmail! What absolute rot you talk, sir. Sheila, let's finish with this foolery. Tell them where I was from twelve till four to-day."

She looked at him without speaking.

"Go on, dear," he urged; "tell them we took sandwiches to the Gardens at midday and stayed there together."

She shook her head. "Why, George—how could I say that when I—I don't know where you were."

Graham appeared stunned. Then as he gazed at her his poise and personality evaporated, till there was nothing left but the husk of a man. Sergeant Hathaway jubilantly escorted the pair to an outer office to supervise the taking down of statements.

But before he could get to work Inspector Keith appeared at his door. "Tell me one thing, Mrs. Graham. Were you being blackmailed by Guilfoyle?"

She shook her head. "My goodness, no, Inspector. I never heard of the man before to-day."

Keith beckoned Hathaway. "Leave Brown in charge, Sergeant. I want to speak to you." He had his hat on when Hathaway reached his office, and he thrust a letter into the sergeant's hands.

"Found in Guilfoyle's flat," he snapped. "From Mrs. Graham to Munson. Clear evidence of adultery. She's lying about the blackmail, and perhaps she's lying about her husband's alibi as well. If she and Munson are working together on this, I'm beginning to see how this thing could have been worked."

They made record time back to the Gaiety Theatre. Munson was on stage for the third act. The detectives went straight to his dressing-room and methodically began their search. It took some time, as the objects they hunted were small, but Keith found them at last and held them up triumphantly for Hathaway to see; two fine plastic eye shells, such as are used instead of normal

"glass eyes" when the eyeball is not removed.

The iris of each was a vivid violet and the pupil a minute hole.

"As I see it, Sergeant, Mrs. Graham hands over that money to Guilfoyle for some incriminating letters, then meets her husband and keeps him out of the way for the afternoon."

"Munson, made up as Graham—easy for him when they are so very much alike anyway—trails Guilfoyle, stabs him, and incriminates Graham very subtly right there in my own office. Not bad, that. Especially when Mrs. Graham is all set to bust her husband's alibi. And the knife-dealer is certain to identify Graham, too, on the evidence of his peculiar eyes."

He grinned at Hathaway.

"Mrs. Graham was to be kept right out of it, no doubt. That was why Munson was so eager to tear the ring from Guilfoyle's finger, remember. It was to seem that Graham killed Guilfoyle for reasons of his own, and so both blackmailer and husband would be out of the way in one fell swoop. Unfortunately for Mrs. Graham, she didn't know Guilfoyle had kept one of the letters back—and we found it."

He slapped the sergeant on the back. "You take the left wing, Sergeant, and I'll take the right, and if you let him get past you when he leaves the stage I'll have you demoted," he said excitedly.

But Munson, who had used only one of his two revolvers throughout his role of Duke Mantee, saw them waiting in the wings, and caused the theatrical sensation of the year by turning the second one on himself. It was not a prop revolver, and it was loaded.

(Copyright)

GIBBS-KIDS KORNER

Is Anna Your Heroine?



Anna is a beautiful ballet dancer. She has charmed thousands in many famous theatres. Would you like to be like Anna when you grow up?

Anna was born to dance.

Anna danced the lead in "Swan Lake."

She was feted in London like a queen.

She is married to her partner, Nicky.

How the crowd loves Anna's bright smile! Why are your teeth so white, Anna?

Well, I've just a little GIBBS TOOTH PASTE. I look so wonderful. Taste and it checks down.

MOTHERS: Let this story teach your children teeth-care. GIBBS is the most economical dentifrice you can buy. No waste! And only 1/3 for a refill.

GIBBS TOOTH PASTE

GIBBS TOOTH PASTE

GIBBS TOOTH PASTE

GIBBS TOOTH PASTE

What a newcomer thinks of us Aussies...



WHEN JOHN FIRST CAME TO AUSTRALIA HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ITS SUNSHINE, ITS BUSHLAND AND BEACHES, THE WARM-HEARTED FRIENDLINESS OF ITS PEOPLE. THEN—A CHANGE IN THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARDS HIM! WAS IT AUSTRALIA...OR WAS IT HIMSELF?



WHEN I'M DEMOBBED NEXT MONTH I'D GIVE A LOT TO LIVE HERE—IF A NICE FAMILY LIKE YOURS WOULD BOARD ME. OH, DO STAY WITH US, JOHN! I... MEAN WE... ARE ALL VERY FOND OF YOU, AREN'T WE MUM?



BUT A MONTH LATER... PLEASE DON'T GROWD ME, JOHN! IT'S FAR TOO STUFFY IN FRONT OF THIS FIRE ANYWAY. YOU'RE RIGHT, SIS. THIS ATMOSPHERE IS A BIT TOO MUCH FOR ME, TOO. SAY, BILL, I'M GETTING THE COLD-SHOULDER FROM EVERYONE. HAVE I WORN MY WELCOME OUT IN THIS COUNTRY? LISTEN, JOHN, NOBODY LIKES 'B.O.' EVERYONE IN THIS HOUSE USES LIFEBOUY EXCEPT YOU. SAVVY?



I ALWAYS USED THIS REFRESHING LIFEBOUY IN CAMP. WHY DID I EVER CHANGE? LIFEBOUY, WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT GIVES LASTING AND ALL-ROUND PROTECTION FROM 'B.O.' A YEAR LATER... YOU'RE A DINKY-DI AUSSIE NOW, JOHN! IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF AND DOING SO WELL TOO. AND WHAT A LOVELY AUSTRALIAN WIFE I HAVE! (THINKS) EVERYTHING'S COME MY WAY SINCE I'VE USED LIFEBOUY. THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP 'B.O.'



THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP 'B.O.'

DIRT GOES FLYING WHEN YOU USE MONKEY BRAND. IT'S THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE AND NEVER SCRATCHES.



CLEANS EVERYTHING IN THE KITCHEN, BATHROOM, ETC.

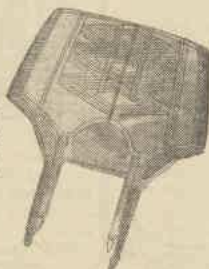
She has that MADE-TO-MEASURE LOOK



FASHION FOUNDATION: There's luxury for you in every lustrous inch of this model. . . . It gives young lines to every figure with firm, gentle support and perfect freedom of action. Its firm flattery will bring new beauty to your figure.



SPORTS CORSET: A first favourite as the all occasion foundation, firmly supporting, gently coaxing your figure into lines of sleek well-groomed smartness. Ideal under the snappiest sports clothes and for all casual wear.



DANCE GIRDLE: You will never feel lovelier nor more charmingly assured than when you wear this winky little garment. Ingeniously designed from soft sleek satin to give control without restraint.



FRENCH ELASTIC: Designed with painstaking attention to detail individually hand woven from the finest French Elastic to your very own measurements. This model gives perfect freedom—perfect control while moulding your figure into lines of sculptured loveliness.

We illustrate only four of the many beautiful Surco Foundations that may be made to your measure.



PARIS . . . LONDON . . . NEW YORK . . . All the world over fashionable women are demanding that their foundation garments be individually cut and made to their very own measurements with the same care and attention to detail that is given to their smartest gowns.

There's a logical and very definite reason for this. Not only is an ill-fitting foundation garment uncomfortable but it mars the effect of your frocking and worst of all it strikes a mortal blow to your confidence, charm and poise. Thousands of Australian women too are realising the wisdom of this and are experiencing the added comfort and charm of proper figure control which can come only with a truly individually cut Surco Foundation made expressly to their own measurements.



You too may join the ranks of these fashion-wise women and enjoy the added comfort of a Surco Made to Measure Foundation 14 short days after you order. May we send you—entirely without obligation—full particulars of these skilfully designed and carefully made garments. Send the coupon below, and within 48 hours you will receive our simple, easy-to-fill-in measurement form with complete instructions as to how and where to measure to obtain a perfect fitting foundation—it's so simple, so easy that you

will never wear an ill-fitting garment again. Surco Foundations are made by one of Australia's oldest and most experienced group of corsetieres, so you may have every confidence that your measurements will be carefully checked and, that your Foundation will receive the special care and attention in cutting and making that goes into every Surco, the care and attention that makes Surco Foundations the constant choice of Fashionable women all over Australia.



Surco

MADE TO MEASURE FOUNDATIONS

"THE SURCO SALONS"

124 BATHURST STREET (Near Elizabeth St.), SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me by return mail your simple self-measurement Form and Price List for the garments I have indicated by X.

FASHION ☐ FRENCH ELASTIC ☐
SPORTS CORSET ☐ DANCE GIRDLE ☐
CORSELETTE ☐ (NOT ILLUSTRATED) BRASSIERE ☐ (NOT ILLUSTRATED)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

CAS 034/5

If you live in, or are visiting, Sydney, call at our fashionable salons or telephone MA9425 for friendly, personal service. You may order by mail with complete confidence—you will receive the same cunningly designed foundation whether you "shop" by mail or call personally. SURCO garments are guaranteed by one of Australia's Oldest Established Corsetieres.



Wherever you are, there is, or soon will be, a SURCO made-to-measure Department at your favourite Fashionable Salon. There you may be measured and advised by a SURCO-trained Corsetiere. Where you see the SURCO Display you can depend on personal Service and friendly advice.

V ALENTINE

dressed in a low-cut, dark evening gown and went downstairs. Her father was standing before the fireplace with his hands locked behind his back, looking massive and distinguished in evening clothes. Ned was sitting on a divan. He grinned and crossed his fingers as he saw her.

"Good evening, Valentine," said the Colonel in a House of Parliament tone. "Have you seen the papers, by any chance? There's a story about you, Valentine. I wish you wouldn't do things like that."

"I'm sorry," she linked her arm in his. "You know I wouldn't embarrass you for the world, darling." "These rodeos," continued her father. "Can't you think of something else to do? It's bad enough to bring the men and stock down from the ranch without riding in them yourself. You might be hurt. Haven't I enough on my mind?"

"Well," she said, "I have to do something. You used to like rodeos."

"Can't you think of anything else you'd like to do?" He paused, a little at a loss, then suggested tentatively: "How about taking a trip somewhere? You haven't been to New York in over a year—"

"New York?" said Valentine, so suddenly that he was startled. "New York! I'll pack to-night. Your secretary can get the tickets early

A Love Like That

Continued from page 9

Blair Lines, but then the elevator man had only been there five months. The appearance of the chairman were so rare as to be almost negligible. So he was unimpressed when Jonathan Blair walked briskly into the elevator around noon, as tanned as any young man should be who had but recently returned from the California Polo Open Tournament.

Jonathan's office was dark and seemed rather stuffy. The shades were down and windows shut. Jonathan let up the shades and raised a window. The room had been the office of the chairman of the Board for many years.

He sat down at his desk and rang for his secretary. Meggs came in immediately, a slight, greying individual with steel-rimmed glasses and a rather insignificant moustache. He had served as secretary to Jonathan's father, and Jonathan had more or less inherited him along with a majority control of the stock.

"How do you do, Mr. Blair," he greeted, bobbing up and down. "You are looking very well, I'm sure."

"Hello, Meggs. Feel tip-top. But what's in the wind? The directors can usually do without me. Is there a cloud on yon horizon?"

Meggs fidgeted. He removed his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

Meggs blurted. "Bankruptcy!" exclaimed Jonathan, sitting up very straight. "They're crazy. I won't vote it."

"If you will pardon me, sir," Meggs said gently. "You have been out of touch. It is a great responsibility. You may face the resignation of the Board."

Jonathan drummed thoughtfully on the desk with his fingers. Obviously, the order of the day was to think.

"All right, Meggs," he said. "Let me know when things get ready to pop."

"Pardon, sir?"

"When the directors are ready."

Meggs withdrew, and Jonathan leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head.

Chairman of the Board! That was a laugh! He looked at the picture of Abijah Blair over the fireplace. Abijah was a stern-looking gentleman with white side-burns and an uncompromising jaw. He constantly looked at whoever sat behind that desk. He'd looked at Jonathan's grandfather, father, and now he looked at Jonathan.

"Chairman of the Board!" he seemed to say. "If you're chairman of the Board I wish your father had left his stock to a dog and cat hospital!"

Jonathan wondered what old Abijah would have done in a case like this. If people wouldn't travel on your ships and shippers wouldn't use your freighters what was he, Jonathan Corinthius Blair, to do?

Of course, it was tough that the Blair Lines should be foundering. They'd started with one ship. The *Philippa*, named after old Abijah Blair's wife.

Old Abijah had been a truly awesome specimen. He had founded the line back in the days when clipper ships came west with tea from China and silk from Yokohama. He'd fought both Confederate privateers and Union gunboats. There were stories that he had also run guns and carried slaves on occasion, but nobody talked about that.

A pirate, that's what old Abijah had been, a buccaneer in broadcloth, and his ships had rounded the Horn—wind whistling through the rigging, waves booming against the sides.

Too bad all that should go. The Blair Lines were coming off the sea. Abijah had founded them, his son guided them into steam, Jonathan's father converted them to oil-burners, and Jonathan had to blow "Taps" and place a wreath.

His phone rang. It was Dirk Segrave.

"Squash at three, Corry?"

"Squash!" said Jonathan. "Here I am going broke and you talk about squash. Shucks, Dirk, I have a directors' meeting on."

"Well, it ought to be over by three," said Dirk reasonably.

"Gummm," said Jonathan. "You'd better make it three-thirty."

He hung up as Meggs came in with the word that the directors were waiting for him in the board-room. Jonathan nodded, stood up, straightened his tie. Then he walked firmly toward the door of the board-room, a lean young man who could have written a book about spills.

Jonathan and Dirk left the Racquet Club about five and dropped in at Carol Wallace's apartment. There was a crowd there. Carol, slender and ash-blond in sapphire velvet hostess gown, was supervising cocktails and sandwiches.

"The boys back from the western front," she greeted. She looked intently at Jonathan. "Corry, my love, you seem glum."

"I beat him four games of squash," announced Dirk. "He's still dazed."

Please turn to page 35

ALFRED



"I'm afraid Alfred and your cousin Tabitha were both expecting a little too much from a blind date."

to-morrow morning. Call him and make sure, Dad."

She smiled as they went in to dinner. Jonathan Corinthius Blair, of New York. He'd bear investigation. New York was a big city, but it ought not to be hard to locate him. Her father's New York bankers could locate anybody.

The offices of the Blair Lines were in a conservative, four-storied, brown stone building, built many years before the advent of streamlined skyscrapers.

In the long glass windows on the ground floor were entrancing cardboard posters heralding the glories of South American and West Indies travel. Inside there was also in evidence that orthodox badge of every shipping company—a model of a vessel in a glass case.

The Orinoco, a card read, of ten-thousand tons displacement, four-hundred feet length over all, normal speed sixteen knots. "This fine American flag ship provides for her passengers the comfort of a private yacht."

The elevator man in the Blair Building had never seen the chairman of the board of directors of the

"The cloud," he said, "has—er—very much arrived, sir. Shall I proceed, sir?"

"Free speech," assented Jonathan. "is a corner-stone of this great democracy of ours. Say on."

"Frankly, sir," Meggs went on apologetically, "things are very bad."

Jonathan stared. "But how could they be. People are fairly screaming for passages all over the world!"

"Yes, sir, but even so—" Meggs faltered and coughed, finding it definitely embarrassing to put the situation into words.

In point of fact, the Blair Lines had been hopelessly outmoded before the war, and since its conclusion they had missed countless opportunities which their rivals had been quick to seize—missed them through lack of enterprise and constructive policy—chiefly due to the light-hearted apathy of the chairman of directors.

Some of this Meggs endeavored to put into words, ending falteringly: "I have heard it hinted, sir, that some of the directors are prepared to—to—"

"To what?" said Jonathan. "Come on, Meggs, out with it!"

"To declare bankruptcy, sir."

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly—July 12, 1947

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"NOELINE" Maternity frock and jacket



Attractive maternity frock with matching jacket can be purchased either ready made-up for your immediate wear or cut out ready for you to sew together. The outfit is made in a fine printed crepe with pretty design of apples and pears in colors of misty blues; lemon and teal-blue; misty blues and mauve; cherry and misty lavender; cherry and lemon. All colors have a background of grey.

Ready to Wear.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 75/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 79/6 (13 coupons). Jacket. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 39/11 (7 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 42/6 (7 coupons). Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 55/11 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 57/6 (13 coupons). Jacket. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 29/11 (7 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 32/6 (7 coupons). Postage, 1/3 extra.

N.B.: When ordering "Noeline" please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

877 No. 877.—Sturdy trousers for a little boy The trousers are traced ready for you to cut out and make up in either grey or fawn. Ceasora, a woolen mixture which is light and warm. The trousers can be worn buttoned on to the shirt, or you can add the belt to the waistline. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 8/11 (2 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 9/6 (2 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 10/3 (2 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 878.—Pretty coat-hanger covers The coat-hanger covers would be ideal as a gift for a friend or to place in your own glory-chest. They are traced on good-quality British cotton in shades of rose-pink, green, lemon, blue, fawn, and pale pink. Price, 1/3 (no coupons). Postage, 2d. extra.



N.B.: When ordering Needlework Notions 877 and 878, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

No. 879.—Dainty pillow-case for baby

The pillow-case is traced ready for you to embroider on a sheer white cotton which is easy to embroider and will wash well. Size, 15in. x 20in. Price, 2/3 (1 coupon). Postage, 2d. extra.

* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt dispatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

Interstate Offices:

Send your order to these addresses:
Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 408RW, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 408RW, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be obtained at our offices or by post.

"There's nothing to equal VELVET for saving clothes..."

say Australian housewives everywhere



Tune in every morning,
Monday to Thursday,
"AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Page 34



Here are some real life stories
sent to *Aunt Jenny*
by enthusiastic Velvet users*

* Original letters in our office.



"MY 14 YEAR OLD
BLANKETS
ARE CERTAINLY
A TRIBUTE TO
VELVET," says Mrs.

S. Hutchins, of 2 York
Street, Maryborough, Q.

"They have had years of solid wear since I bought them, but, thanks to good old Velvet, I'm still using them on the kiddies' beds at this moment."

Mrs. L. Stafford, of Barham, N.S.W., writes:



"I WAS A NURSE until my marriage a couple of years ago. As you know, Aunt Jenny, a nurse is expected to look spic and span from dawn to dusk. Uniforms, caps, collars and cuffs must be spotless for every inspection... I was never afraid of 'toeing the mat' on inspection days, as my laundry was washed with Velvet, and always snowy white."



"BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, AUNT JENNY,"

says Mrs. R. H. Duncan, Templeton St., Euroa, Victoria, "I have a white linen supper cloth which has been in use constantly for 21 years, thanks to Velvet."



"I HAVE BABY GOWNS

that have been worn by eight kiddies," writes Mrs. Parkin, of 98 Weaver St., Woodlands Park, S.A. "Within 26 years they have been used by all my mother's five children and my own three. My thanks go to Velvet—it's the only soap in this house and it gets used for everything!"



"MY TOWELS HAVE BEEN
WASHED 230 TIMES IN
VELVET, and show no sign of

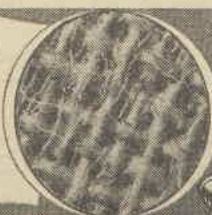
wear," says Mrs. M. F. Ellendon, Clare, S.A. "I have been using Velvet for a good many years now, and I'm proud to say the things in my linen chest are all in first-class condition. For instance, we are still using sheets that have been in use for 12 years, so that proves what a grand linen-saver Velvet is."



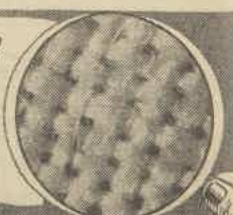
"SPEAKING OF RECORDS
FOR VELVET SOAP," writes

Mrs. Anne King, 34 First Avenue, Mt. Lawley, W.A. "In 1913 I bought two mosquito nets for the family, and to-day, Aunt Jenny, those nets are perfectly good and giving every-day use. Velvet Soap has been my laundry friend for over 33 years."

FABRICS WASHED
WITH ORDINARY
SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn-out, because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED
WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



The Australian Women's Weekly—July 12, 1947

V.155.57

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● A remark that her boy-friend seems to be "taking her for granted" often worries a girl quite unnecessarily.

Friends may make such a statement without considering its effect, and, once the doubt is raised, almost any woman will see faults in the behaviour of any man.

THE phrase implies that the young man sure of the girl-friend's devotion does not exert himself to be attentive.

This letter demonstrates the worry that may be caused by such thoughtless words.

"SINCE it was suggested to me that my boy-friend was 'taking me for granted' I find myself wondering if this is true. Previously I accepted with good humor the dates he broke when he was working back, was tired, or didn't feel like going out. Now I feel that he is not showing me the consideration he should."

When people are really fond of each other a certain amount of "taking for granted" is bound to enter into their relationship because they understand each other and explanations are unnecessary. An outward show of attention does not always imply the consideration that really counts and is so much more lasting.

My impression is that you are a sympathetic, tactful girl and that your relationship with your young man has progressed to the stage where, if he has had a hard day at the office, he is sufficiently sure of your understanding to say so.

This is not taking you for granted. It simply means that both of you have passed the stage where outward appearances are the only things that count.

Few men behave like the heroes of books and films. Only foolish girls would want them to. Be glad that your young man is sufficiently hard-working and ambitious sometimes to beg off going out. If you one day become his wife you will have a husband you can be proud of and not an unemployed ladies' man.

"CAN you in any circumstances imagine a self-respecting girl telling a man that she is in love with him when he has never spoken of being in love with her? I am the girl, and am very much tempted to flout convention by being the one to speak. I feel certain that if I admit my feelings are stronger than those of friendship the man will realise that his are stronger, too."

I can imagine such a thing, but strongly advise against it. As well as being a convention, it is the privilege of the man to declare his feelings first.

The girl who impetuously tells a man she loves him without definitely knowing from the man that he loves her runs the risk of offending his sense of fitness, as well as suffering personal humiliation if her feelings are not returned.

"MY boy-friend and I are planning to become engaged next month, and are wondering if it is necessary to insert a notice of the engagement in a newspaper."

Not all engagements are announced in the Press, although if a couple wish their engagement to become widely known, such an announcement in the best means of bringing it under the notice of their friends.

"I AM a bachelor (28) and have asked the girl I want eventually to become engaged to to consider me as her steady boy-friend. She says she is too young at 18 to make such a decision, and has refused subsequent invitations to go out, saying that I am too old."

If this girl feels herself to be too young at 18 to have a steady boy-friend, you must accept her

When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

ing a girl if you may take her home. Simply ask her when a suitable opportunity presents itself, say about half-way through the night. If you find a chance to speak to her before supper, by all means ask her to have supper with you, too. Then you will have the ideal opportunity to ask if you may escort her home.

"TWO of my friends are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary, and I am puzzled to know what to give them. Could you advise me?"

A small gift that is gold in color but is not necessarily made of gold is usually given. Book-lovers would welcome a classic bound in leather with gold lettering; people who are fond of birds, two lovebirds in a gilded cage. Along more practical lines there are footstools and cushions covered in gold-colored material, and gold-decorated desk-sets and bridge accessories.

"MY boy-friend won't speak to me if I talk to another boy, yet he goes out with other girls. He has told me he loves me. Is there any way I can hold him and stop him from being jealous, as I love him?"

I doubt that there is any means on this earth of curing a naturally jealous person of his jealousy. I for my part would not advise anyone to try. Most women are only too happy that they have escaped a possible life of misery and heartbreak with such a man, and turn with relief to someone with a more amiable disposition.

"WHEN I was serving in the North I received a bundle of papers addressed to a lonely soldier. I wrote to the sender and she and her family of daughters have been writing to me ever since. In recent letters they say they consider me a son and brother, adding that they will welcome me with hugs and kisses when I get back from Japan. How should I act?"

Apparently you have come to fill a definite place in the lives of this family. Certainly they appear to have become very fond of you. I think you should treat them with kindness and consideration, even if you find it a little bit embarrassing.

I should not take written threats of hugs and kisses too literally. Such phrases are often used lightly in letters.

A Love Like That

Continued from page 33

FLASHING a smile, Carol put her arm in Jonathan's and guided him into the privacy of the kitchen. "I'm awfully glad you're back, Corry." Her voice was low and resonant. She could do wonders with it. "Going to stick around a while?"

"I'll have to," said Jonathan. "Business is very punk."

"It's been that way for a long time, hasn't it?"

"I have discovered," said Jonathan meditatively, "that it can get punker. How're things with you? Say, weren't you in a play?"

"I was," said Carol. "For the space of a week, plus three days in Newark."

"A bust?"

"Complete." She laughed. "And I was so sure that once I got on Broadway I'd click like a million. Corry—"

She was silent for a moment, her head bent and her eyes lowered.

"Listen, darling," she said suddenly, "I feel pretty rotten about this. It's that note of mine that you endorsed. It's due to-morrow and I can't cover it."

"Note?" repeated Jonathan. "Oh yes—"

"I'm terribly sorry. Makes me feel dreadful. But when Lockwood wanted twenty thousand dollars—"

backing to produce the play I thought we'd clear that all right.

Lockwood said it was a sure thing. Well, it wasn't."

Jonathan swallowed imperceptibly. Twenty thousand dollars! Whew! That came under the heading of Distinct Jolts. He'd forgotten about that note he'd endorsed for Carol.

"When did you say it was due?"

"To - morrow," said Carol. "I feel awfully rotten about it. But I'll pay you back some day—"

"Oh, shucks," said Jonathan. "don't worry about it. I'll cover."

"You're pretty wonderful," she said in a low voice. "You know that? And it's not because of this note that I'm glad you're back. That goes without saying—doesn't it, Corry?"

"Of course it does, Carol. We've known each other a good long time."

Sometimes he had thought himself in love with her and sometimes he felt as though she were practising for the Academy of Dramatic Art. On those occasions she gave him the impression of a very lovely ivory model behind a show window.

Then, again, she seemed definite and close at hand, an ash-blond girl with slate-blue eyes and a low, compelling voice to whom a man nigh to the rocks could tell all about it.

She seemed like that now, but with a twenty-thousand-dollar note due he didn't want to say anything.

"Let's go in and have a cocktail," she suggested. "If we stay out here any longer people will think we're engaged." She bestowed a long slanting glance on him. "That would

be a terrible mistake. Wouldn't it, Corry?"

"Rank with Napoleon's strategy at Waterloo," he agreed with a grin. "Goah, I'm hungry."

"Let's go out to dinner somewhere. Shake this crowd."

"Some other time, Carol," he said. "There's something I have to attend to right away."

He had to attend to that twenty-thousand-dollar surprise package. After he left Carol he went back to the Racquet Club and phoned Meggs at his home. Meggs handled all his private finances.

"That loan I underwrote for Miss Wallace is due to-morrow," he told his secretary. "Twenty thousand. Remember it?"

Meggs did, with a gasp. "Can I rake up twenty thousand to meet it?"

"Impossible at such short notice, Mr. Blair. Your bank balances are very low from the expenses of your last trip, sir."

"I have to meet it, Meggs. It's had two extensions already. This is final. Put up enough Blair stock with the Citizens' National to cover a loan. You can get it on a short-time demand—what? ... Yes, I know the stock is low, but it isn't wall-paper yet. You'll probably have to

BUTCH



deposit the stock according to its current value, I realise that. But it can't be helped."

He replaced the instrument and very thoughtfully lit a cigarette. What a time for that note to crop up! Just when all the money he had was tied up in a bankruptcy fight.

The directors seemed to think bankruptcy proceedings were their answer. He'd staved that off by virtue of slim majority stock control, but he didn't know how long he could last.

He walked over to the lounge window and looked out on a Park Avenue of lights and motors.

Hold that line! The words were repeating themselves insistently in his mind. Hold that line!

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Cornel Wilde saves money for world tour

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

One of the most successful young men in Hollywood, dark-haired Cornel Wilde, is limiting himself to a £6 a week spending budget, and is bringing a pocket of sandwiches for his lunch each day.

"My wife, Pat, is the finance manager in our family, and we're banking nearly all our salaries for our baby Wendy's future and our Ten-Year Plan," Wilde told me as he munched a chicken sandwich in his dressing-room.

"I'm on a weekly budget, and I find bringing sandwiches from home each day helps in our saving campaign."

I asked Wilde about the Ten-Year Plan, and the New York-born actor explained earnestly, "It's a plan Pat and I have for seeing the world."

"We've seen most of America and have made trips to the Caribbean islands, but we want to get acquainted with Europe, Australia, and South America, too."

"We don't want just to pass through these countries as tourists, but we hope to live there for some time. We figure it may take us ten years to do this, so we've called our ambition the 'Ten-Year Plan.'"

Though his dark eyes are filled with dreams of the future, Cornel Wilde is perhaps the busiest young man in Hollywood.

He has achieved his first ambition of launching his beautiful blonde wife, Pat, on a film career by obtaining for her the leading

role in the Sol Wurtzel film "Roses Are Red."

Cornel has also sold his "Life of Lord Byron" to Twentieth Century-Fox and will star in the film shortly.

He is now working at Columbia with Ginger Rogers in "It Had To Be You," still scribbles between scenes, and is writing a novel about Byron which is likely to be published this year.

Wilde says he has discovered that Byron had more women in his life than Amber ever had men in hers, and that, to date, his research has brought to light at least 200 of them.

"Most of them are in my book, though my screen-play features only six," Cornel said.

"I had hoped to make a trip to England before I started work on my book on Byron to learn more of the poet's background and absorb some of the atmosphere which surrounded his life. But there wasn't time for this."

Like actor Larry Parks, Cornel had ambitions to be a doctor before

PAYMENT received by Cornel Wilde from Twentieth Century-Fox for his new story about Lord Byron was exactly one dollar.

Cornel was so anxious to have his brain-child made into a film that he offered it to Darryl Zanuck free on the condition that he be starred in the film.

Zanuck, accustomed to paying hundreds of thousands for movie books, accepted with alacrity, giving token payment of a dollar. The dollar was spent in registering Wilde's version of Byron with the Johnston Office, which can be expected to peruse it well before declaring it fit for filming.

entering movies, and took a pre-medical course at Columbia University.

"At that time I was acting with Little Theatre groups, and, after a great struggle, acting finally won over medicine," he said.

"At the same time I started writing, and found that acting and writing go together far better than writing and medicine."

Cornel's rise in pictures has been meteoric since he hit stardom as the consumptive Chopin in "Song to Remember."

He has played a variety of roles from the dashing hero of "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" to a light comedy role with Ginger Rogers in his current film.

As Bruce Carleton in "Forever Amber," Cornel got one of the plum roles of the year, but it is still his greatest wish to portray Byron on the screen, with his wife, Patricia Knight, in the film.

Cornel's role in "It Had To Be You" is a dual one.

"Ginger dreams me up, but I'm nothing but a figment of her imagination in the early part of the film," he explained.

"However, I present a very real obstacle to her intended marriage



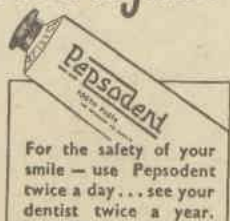
CONTRAST in looks is provided by Cornel Wilde and his blonde wife, Patricia Knight. In spite of temperament and Continental air, Wilde was born in New York, has lived in America most of his life.

You'll be lengths ahead... when YOU find out what TESTS have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL 9-15

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Film Reviews

★★ WELCOME STRANGER

CROSBY and Barry Fitzgerald are always a good team, and though this Paramount release hasn't the novelty value of the pair's first film together, "Going My Way," fans should find it very pleasant entertainment.

This time they are cast as medics—Fitzgerald the old village G.P., settled in his ways, and Bing the young, laconic doctor who relieves him while he takes a vacation. Director Elliott Nugent gets plenty of humor out of Dr. Fitzgerald's horror at his locum's carefree ways, but there is also a spot of pathos here and there.

Songs are excellent, particularly Crosby's version of the ballad, "As Long as I'm Dreaming." Joan Caulfield adds romantic interest as the village schoolteacher, and Wanda Hendrix makes the most of her small part as a teen-ager who has a crush on Crosby—Prince Edward; showing.

★ ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE

MGM have given Van Johnson a new leading lady, 18-year-old discovery Janet Leigh, in this period drama centred on the American Civil War, and Johnson fans should find the film a pleasant change from the star's usual type of role.

Van plays the part of Henry Carson, ex-schoolteacher and ex-soldier, who returns to Missouri Valley after the war to find farmers divided into bitter factions over the rights of the North and South. He stays with Southern Gill McBean (Thomas Mitchell), tries to get the Valley to bury its war bitterness, and falls in love with McBean's daughter Lizzy (Janet Leigh).

The role is a far cry from Van's usual appealing, ingenious parts, and he is often out of his depth as a crusader for tolerance and social justice. Still, if you like Van, you'll enjoy the film. Janet Leigh handles her part opposite him very competently—St. James; showing.

to Ron Randell, and I finally fix it so that she runs off with a fireman who looks exactly like me."

Cornel smiled at my bewilderment, and solemnly wrapped a Spanish shawl around his waist, donned a sombrero, and invited me to watch the next scene being shot.

He climbed on a table and posed with one foot in the air as Ginger trotted up, her hands full of modelling clay. As the cameras turned on her she began modelling the like-

ness of Cornel in his strange outfit.

Apparently she is a sculptress in the film, and Cornel, besides being a figment of her imagination, is also her inspiration.

Cornel was still balancing precariously on one foot in a Spanish dancer pose when I left, while director Don Harman, cameraman Rudy Mate, the chief electrician, and several assistants conferred in a solemn circle around him.

French star worried over her Persian cat

By cable from Bill Stratton in London

FRENCH star Mila Parely left behind a menagerie in her Paris flat when she came to England to star in Gainsborough's "Snowbound."

She has two Aberdeen terriers, three goldfish, and a hedgehog called Sosthene, who prefers a diet of cheese and burgundy. But the favorite of all is her Persian cat, Mademoiselle Gregoire, for whose fate Mila is so concerned that she has left strict instructions.

If Mademoiselle Gregoire is missing for more than three days, the star is to be informed by telegram and newspaper appeals launched offering £25 reward.

It is rumored Mila may also buy a horse before she leaves England.

INTERESTING new films which Britain is planning include an adaptation of Mary Webb's "Precious Bane," starring Robert Donat. Robert is coming back to the screen after a busy list of stage engagements in London to star first in "The Sleeping Clergyman," for which play he has acquired the film rights.

PUBLICITY men recently whisked discovery Carol Marsh off to Kent to photograph her picking strawberries, and the young star couldn't resist sampling some. Going back in the car a queasy feeling told her that she had sampled too many, but she managed to totter on to the set at the studio to play her part as waitress in "Brighton Rock."

There she found to her horror that in the first scene she had to serve star Dickie Attenborough with a plate of strawberries and cream. They say it was lucky the scene wasn't shot in technicolor, because Carol had gone a delicate shade of green.

REGULARS at the Bohemian club of the London film world, "Le Petit Club Francois," who are used to seeing odd characters roll up in turtle-necked sweaters, alippers, and scarlet shirts to argue about film scripts and dialogues, got the surprise of their life this week.

In contrast, Paulette Goddard and husband Burgess Meredith brought a Hollywood touch to the little side-street club when they threw a star-spangled party there.

In trooped a glittering list of guests in evening array to taste the wonderful French cooking. Among them were Noel Coward, Sally Gray, Ray Milland, and Sir Aubrey Smith.

THE accent is on giving youth important film jobs this year.

Twenty-year-old Doris Lee, a graduate of Harrow Art-School, has already become gown designer and wardrobe mistress with Two Cities at Denham, and has "clothed" two films, "The Crowthers of Bankdam" and "Uncle Silas."



Separate measures for bust and hip

That's the secret of perfect fit!

No longer need you buy your lingerie to manufacturers' standards. The new, exciting Prestige stylings are made as if for you alone, to your own separate bust and hip measurements.

Prestige designers have given practical expression to varying individual needs in providing for you Vests, Scanties, Pantees and Princess Slips that really achieve that smooth, tailored look . . . "Lingerie that has your measure." The secret of perfect fit is in providing for bust and hip measurements separately. Know your size by checking the chart below.

If you are an in-between size, your correct size is one size larger.

Exclusive Prestige Fittings (The inch size is sewn into every garment)



Lingerie that has your measure
BY Prestige

ALSO MAKERS OF EXCLUSIVE HOSIERY

LUX TOILET SOAP FACIALS
GIVE SKIN FRESH, NEW BEAUTY
THAT MAKES PULSES BEAT FASTER
..... WINS ROMANCE



Actual
Statement
by

**Dolores
Moran**

Warner Brothers star
in "Too Young to Know"

4d.
per tablet
CITY
AND
SUBURBS

Try Hollywood's own complexion care—active-lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Pat the rich creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over!



THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE

OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

LT.195.26

**CHECKS
WINTER ILLS
SAVES MEDICINE
BILLS**

Make ONE PINT
of the famous

HEENZO FAMILY COUGH REMEDY
for the amazingly low cost of only 2/-

Quick action with Heenzo has saved many a sufferer from a worse cough or cold attack. It gives prompt relief—eases the breathing, soothes irritation, and SAVES MONEY.

A 2/- bottle of concentrated HEENZO makes equal to ONE PINT of the best ready-mixed medicines for chest and throat ailments. You simply add sweetened water.

Heenzo is equally good for adults and children. Get a bottle now—make it up, and keep it ready for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments.

**INSTANT RELIEF—NICE TO TAKE
MONEY SAVING**

HEENZO
COUGH & COLD REMEDY



1 LOSS OF FARM through debt is beginning of trouble for Jeckie (Calvert). She says farewell to family friend Joe (McCallum) after fiancé Albert Grice (Gregg) has refused to help her.

The Root of All Evil

AUSTRALIAN-BORN actor John McCallum makes his first film appearance in this Gainsborough drama, and success of the role led to his being signed for the lead in "It Always Rains on Sundays," opposite Gogie Withers.

In "The Root of All Evil" he plays the part of Joe Bartle, who helps Jeckie (Phyllis Calvert) realise that happiness does not come from money alone.

Others in the cast include Michael Rennie, Hazel Court, Arthur Young, Hubert Gregg, Beryl O'Rourke.



4 PARTNERSHIP between Jeckie and prospector Mortimer (Rennie) brings riches through oil discovery. Jeckie has her revenge on Grice, now bankrupt, but romance with Mortimer ends unhappily.



5 FINAL BLOW comes to Jeckie, now richest woman in the town, with fire at the oil wells. With loss of all her money, she realises her life has been vicious search after revenge, and nothing is left.



2 MARRIAGE of Albert comes as blow to Jeckie. Furious, she tells sister Rushie (Court) she intends to bring breach of promise action to get revenge on Albert.



3 PAYMENT out of court by Grice sen. gives Jeckie capital to start grocery store. Disillusioned, she determines to get rich and ruin Grice family's business.



6 NEW CHANCE comes when she meets faithful Joe again, who wants to marry her. They decide to start life anew and return to the farm in the country.

THANK YOU
DOCTOR



Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

2/6 Everywhere
in unbreakable plastic tubes. F.34

FORD PILLS

HOOVER

**THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER
IS AVAILABLE AGAIN**

Here's good news for every woman—supplies of the famous Hoover have arrived! Instantly adaptable for cleaning from floor to ceiling, planned to save you time, strain and fatigue—your new Hoover is available at pre-war prices (plus sales tax). Arrange for an immediate demonstration.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sole Australian Agents:
JOHN S. DRYSDALE PTY. LTD.

165 Clarence Street, Sydney
(near King St.) Phone BW 4617 or BW 5197



IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS





Designed for your "Underloveliness"

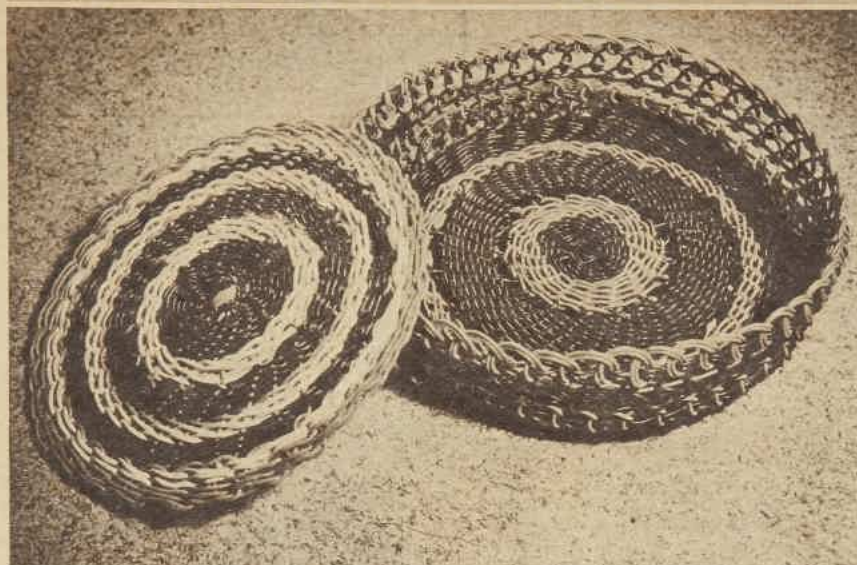
Sleek dull-finish rayon . . . soft-as-a-cloud Dream-Glo cotton . . . shimmering swami . . . We've got the trick of the special locknit stitch. That's why our "Underlovelies" keep their smooth, sleek fit without dropping or sagging. That's why they look just as lovely after you've washed them as they do when they're new. And for an extra touch of luxury, we embroidered them with lovely applique motifs.

Those precious bits of satin and lace are as rare as violets in Spring these days. But Bond's did some wise buying — and you'll find those lovely motifs on all Bond's True-Size "Underlovelies" . . . slips, pantees, vests, pyjamas. And remember when you ask for your size in Bond's True-Size "Underlovelies" you can be sure of perfect fit because every garment Bond's make is true to size.

Our first PRINCESS OF THE NIGHT is charming French Mannequin, Nicole de Quorlec wearing Bond's soft draping nightdress of Dream-Glo Cotton interlock. This is No. 1 in a series of five portraits by the famous young Australian artist Laudon Sainthill, and inspired by Bond's True-Size "Underlovelies".

Bond's ³³*Underlovelies*

THE NEW FLEX CRAFT...



WASHABLE HEAT-PROOF MAT and bread basket—made in gay colors from flex.

HERE is a new way of making gay accessories and richly colored adornments for your home.

For the **HEAT-PROOF MAT** you need eight yards each of three colors of flex wire (from electrical suppliers). Cut eight pieces of one color 10 inches long and place four across centre of the other four in spoke formation. Fold four yards of one color in half, hook the loop over one group of four pieces, and twist lower thread tightly over upper.

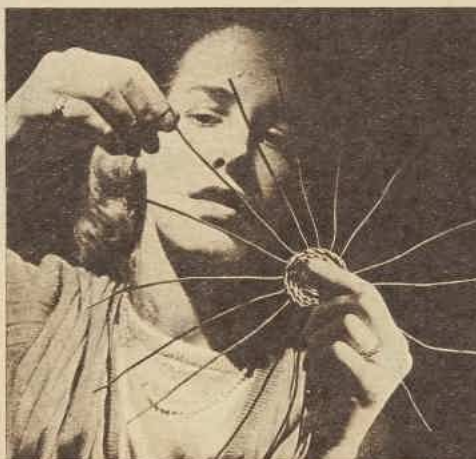
Fold over the next group of four, twist in the same way and continue for two rows. Then work this "stitch" over single spokes—changing color as liked—until the mat measures 3in. across.

Cut eight more pieces of first color 8in. long and loop one between every pair of spokes of the last row worked. Bend each new piece in half and twist once to the left. Twist each pair of spokes together to the left, change color and continue as before, leaving ends long enough to push through to centre. The twisting gives a lacy round. New lengths of flex and the ends of the old ones are secured by pushing the ends back through the work towards the centre.

Work to the required size, changing color and inserting one more lacy round (without adding new spokes this time) as you wish. Finish the edge by securing the weaving thread, pushing it through to the centre and cutting. Push the ends of the spokes through the work to the back leaving equal small loops all round. Pull the loops so tight that they lie quite flat to the edge of the mat.

To make the **BREAD BASKET** take 18 yards each of three colors and begin like the mat, but with eight 12in. pieces. Work until the centre measures 3in. across. Then cut sixteen more pieces 16in. long and add one folded (and twisted) piece between every other spoke.

Continue until the work measures 5in. across, then twist three spokes together to make a lacy row. Work until you have reached the required size; finish with loops at the edge.



MOST of the designs are woven on spokes held like this.

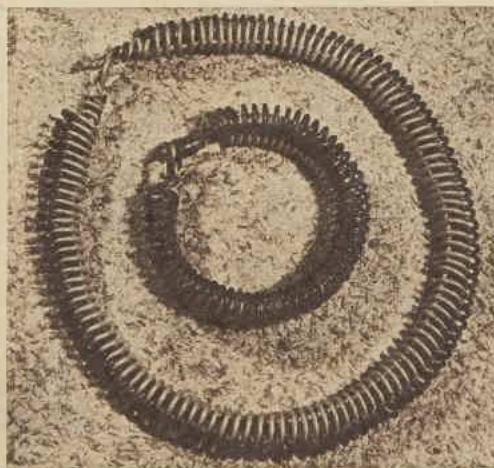
Bend the loops upwards and, with another strand of flex, work a round of loops like buttonhole-stitch but with a twist instead of a knot. Place a single strand of contrast flex across the top and work another round of buttonholing in the third contrast. Continue like this for the required height, working the final round with double flex for strength.

The **STRIPED CANDLESTICK** requires 6in. lengths each of four colors. Work a mat measuring 6in. across, beginning with six crossed strands. (The striped effect is obtained by using two contrasting strands, instead of one bent double, for the weaving.)

For the holder, cut four pieces of flex 6in. long, slot one over each centre thread of the three just between the long loops of the centre and the first round of the weaving proper. Fold each in half and work the weaving towards the top for 1½in. Finish the work and secure the ends as before.



STRIPED CANDLESTICK. Make it to tone with the colors of your room.



BRACELET AND NECKLACE made by twisting flex round a pencil, and threading a piece through for fastening.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



NATURE GIVES YOU THE HINT! Loose dandruff? Itchy scalp? Untidy, lifeless-looking hair? This is nature's way of saying that you have Dry Scalp. That natural scalp oil needs help with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Hair looks better.. scalp feels better.. when you check Dry Scalp



IT'S EASY! Just massage your scalp with five drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic each day—it's the quick, easy way to supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind—to check Dry Scalp—and to give your hair that natural, well-groomed look.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care—Both Scalp and Hair



Sundek Fabric

STILL YARDS AHEAD!





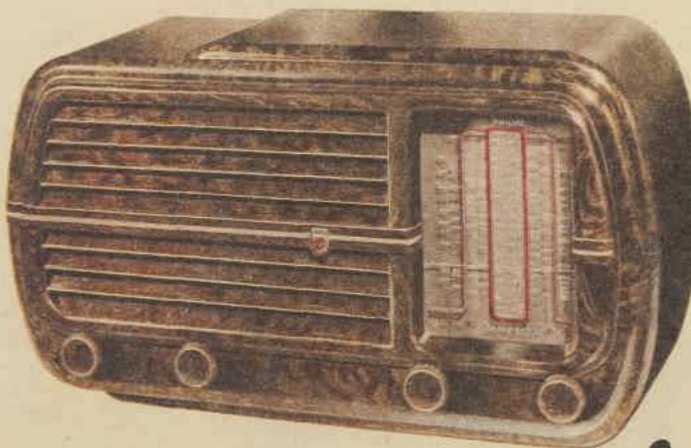
For City or Country

model 101

A brilliant new Radioplayer in two models—for electric or battery operation

model 108

Philips have produced an entirely new 5-valve, dual-wave table type radio-player known as the Philips 101. 101 is a good designation because this is a radio with a hundred-and-one advantages. The aerial is in-built; the on-off switch is on the receiver itself; the *tone* of the set pleases even those musical critics who have a Cardus-complex; the cabinets are made in three eye-pleasing colours. Altogether it's the kind of receiver which gives hosts a sense of smug self-satisfaction because it fills guests with envy.



For those who live beyond the power lines, Philips have produced the 5-valve battery-operated Model 108. Dual wave, of course, as pleasurable to own and with an equally wide range of features as its electric counterpart. Philips Radioplayer 108 needs less batteries than previously possible, and is sparing in their use... making it cheaper to operate. If you prefer vibrator operation, tell your Philips retailer. He may be able to provide a '108' of just that type although the supply is limited.



PHILIPS

radioplayers

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

• Sydney • Melbourne • Adelaide • Perth • Brisbane

LEARN
AT HOME
for
2/6
WEEKLY



It's "Quicker"—easier
under **MONEY-BACK**
GUARANTEE with a
Sampson Home-Study
course for
★ BANJO MANDOLIN
★ Hill-billy Guitar
★ Steel Guitar
★ Piano Accordion
★ Saxophone
★ Clarinet ★ Ukulele
★ Mouth Organ
★ Button Accordion
★ Violin ★ Piano

5000 have succeeded
—why not YOU?
It takes 3 Lessons
to play first piece — 10
Lessons a variety, and
20 Lessons any piece.
It doesn't matter where
you live.
Instruments. Exclusive models
available on small payments to any
part of Australia — Freight paid.
Free. Illustrated catalogue and des-
criptive booklet FREE. Write for yours.
(MENTION INSTRUMENT FAVORED).
SAMPSONS, Dept. B, 481 Kent St.,
Box 4184X, G.P.O., Sydney.

DANDRUFF Defeated!

Drive out Dandruff. This
special Soap "dig" be-
neath surface of scalp,
removing Dandruff
flakes, stopping itch.
1/3 Cake. All Chemists.

**POTTERS
DANDRUFF
SOAP**

MENTHOIDS are back

MENTHOIDS
contain Thionine—the great
system cleanser.

MENTHOIDS
for Rheumatism, Backache,
Kidney-Bladder Weaknesses
and High Blood Pressure.

Month's treatment with Diet
Chart, 6/6, or 12-day flask, 3/6,
at chemists or stores.

MUSCLE AND JOINT PAINS RELIEVED IN 5 MINUTES WITHOUT DRUGS!

★ Ease your sufferings with
a warming, soothing pad of
Wawn's Wonder-Wool.

The deep-penetrating medicinal
essences in Wawn's Wonder-Wool
are absorbed by the skin. They
create a comforting inner heat
which stimulates blood circula-
tion through the affected tissues,
quickly relieves agonising con-
gestion and painful inflammation.

Don't put up a moment longer
with nagging aches
and pains in joints and
muscles — a "magic
wrap" of Wawn's
Wonder Wool is the
safe, quick drug-free
way to ease your suf-
fering.

Ask for it today

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

Sold everywhere at 2/6 a packet;
Hospital size 6/6.



Heralding spring . . .

● Almost every country
has a common flower which
is regarded as a sort of
advance agent for spring.
—says Our Home Gardener

AUSTRALIA'S is the
wattle, but we have
introduced many
others — spiraeas,
for instance. Two of the most
popular spiraeas, or may
bushes as they are usually
called, are the single and
double white varieties —
spiraea gracilis and spiraea
prunifolia flore plena respec-
tively.

They flower from late August to
late September, and are a glorious
sight when their graceful, drooping
branches are heavily laden with
snow-white blossom.

Unlike the English may, which is
a true hawthorn, and has a rather
peculiar scent, the spiraeas are
devoid of perfume. Pot or tin
grown specimens can be set out in
the garden now, and if well
advanced should flower this year.
They need pruning immediately the
flower-flush has ended.

Other bright spring-flowering
shrubs or small trees that may be
set out now are the wattles, any of
the flowering fruits such as almonds,
peaches, crab-apples, plums, and
cherries, azaleas; any of the berberis
family or barberries, Judas tree,
chortizema, choisyia (mock orange),
and cydonia or flowering currant.

Most of the crataegus family,
commonly known as hawthorns,
flower in early spring, and their
bright-colored berries, varying from
pale yellow to deepest red, help to
brighten up autumn and winter.

Cotoneasters are also berry-
bearers after their white blossoms
have finished adding to the spring
pageant.

The brooms, which include cytisus
and genista, bloom early and often
crop a second time after summer
rains. Their flowers are mostly
yellow and sweet-scented, but in
recent years mauve and red and
gold varieties have crept in.

Deutzias are gay in spring, their
cherry-blossom-like flowers being



FEW spring-flowering bushes make
a more beautiful or graceful dis-
play than the double may or
spiraea prunifolia flore plena.
They brighten up the garden for
many weeks. The single variety
is equally lovely.

borne in profusion over several
weeks. Dianthus have heather-like
foliage, with tiny star-shaped
flowers in varying shades of pink in
late winter and early spring. All
varieties are worth space.

Pearl bush is another lovely
advance agent of spring, and like
inga portoricensis is smothered
with white flowers for many weeks
after winter has done its worst to
dull our senses. You can plant them
all now.

Look for trouble . . . IN CHILDREN'S TEETH

By MEDICO

I MET Mrs. Thomas toiling
up the hill from town
with a large shopping basket
and a very cross small boy,
and I stopped to give them a
lift.

"Thank you, doctor," Mrs. Thomas
sighed. "I've just had Bobby down
to the dentist. It is a business.
The dentist wants me to bring him
back in three months. He must
think I have little to do.

"It's a lot of nonsense, I think,
all this inspecting children's teeth.
They'll soon let you know if they
have toothache. Bobby was howling
his head off last night."

"I'm afraid too many people think
as you do," I said.

"They never think of going to
the dentist until they're driven there
by toothache. But do you know
that in Australia 95 per cent. of the
people have dental disorders of one
kind or another, and 75 per cent.
take no interest in preventive den-
tistry?"

"Only about 15 per cent. of the
children in Australia receive
regular dental treatment, and by
the time they have grown up it's
often too late to control the decay.
The only treatment at that stage is
extraction. Having the children's
teeth inspected by a dentist is essen-
tial if they are to grow up with
healthy teeth."

"But they have inspections at
school," Mrs. Thomas said timidly.
"I know they do, but a child's
teeth have often decayed even before
he goes to school."

"What is the proper way to clean
the teeth, doctor?"

"Up and down, as you clean a
comb," I said. "That way the
particles of food that have lodged
between the teeth are removed. The
teeth should be brushed both inside
and out. A habit learnt in child-
hood generally sticks throughout
life."

We had reached the Thomas' gate,
and I stopped to let them out.

"Thank you, doctor," said Mrs.
Thomas. "I'll take Bobby back to
the dentist for his next inspection."

I nodded and waved my hand. As
I drove off, I saw that Bobby, his
toothache forgotten, was pestering
his mother for something out of
the shopping basket. I was very
glad to see that what he got was a
large apple.

[All names mentioned in this
article are fictitious.]

Miss Precious Minutes says:

SAVE time when ironing small
boys' suits by running them
through the wringer creased as in
ironing. Hang them as they come
from wringer, and smooth out
wrinkles while still wet. Ironing
will be so much easier.

HERE'S one way of removing
scratches on woodwork and
floors: Rub with a little lard and
remove it with a clean cloth.

DID you know that if you keep
stirring the water while cook-
ing hard-boiled eggs the yolks will
keep in the centre?



GRIZZLE!
GRIZZLE!
GRIZZLE!

... I was ashamed of him



Are YOU a worried mother?

Change that fretful tiredness,
that worrying thinness and pale-
ness into healthy vitality — with
Horlicks. While children sleep,
Horlicks replaces that lost energy.
They wake up really refreshed,
because Horlicks is a complete
food drink which provides the
essential food elements in the
correct balance. Rich in calcium,
contains up to 15% of protein,
and the natural sugars provide
extra energy almost at once.
Send your youngsters on
Horlicks right away and
you won't know him in
a few weeks time.

HORLICKS
Builds vitality

What's Cooking? Gravox Delicious Gravy

Salts, seasons, thickens and browns instantly



**FAR OUT
ON THE
BILLOWY SEA**

On the breast of the blue waters wide,
Where the white crested waves flow free
Over the surge of the ocean tide;
Great ships in the depth of their holds
Are bearing a remedy sure
Unfailing for coughs and colds —
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



Special Winter Forecast for **MILO** households

Invigorating days . . . calm, restful nights . . . absence of
cloud and depression



Winter is warmly welcomed by those who drink MILO regularly. Winter for them is a time of invigorating days and cosy, restful nights. Here's the reason. MILO is a delicious, energising blend of pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with vitamins A, B and D. MILO, therefore, not only warms and sustains, but helps to build up resistance to winter ills. It is a health drink, a tonic food as well as a nerve-soothing beverage, with a delightful chocolate flavour.

COPYRIGHT R1265.

Page 44

'Try it! You'll like it. Soon MILO will have its permanent place on your Shopping List and in your home. It's so easy to prepare . . . so economical, yet so delicious and helpful. You'll soon discover why MILO is first favourite with families all over Australia. It's the *irresistible* health beverage.



And here's another point. A cup of MILO taken just before bedtime is a wonderful aid to sound, restful sleep. It helps to banish over-fatigue: enables body and nerves to relax. MILO is indeed the perfect nightcap for every member of every family.

MILO

the fortified

TONIC FOOD

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



*Now in
Two
Sizes!*

8-oz. tin
2/3

14-oz. tin
3/9

From all chemists and
stores. Country prices
slightly higher.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 12, 1947

PIPING HOT from oven to table...

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

CASSEROLE cooking has much to recommend it, particularly to the busy housewife. Food cooked this way needs very little attention once the initial preparation is completed.

The cooking dish is also the serving dish—the food is still piping hot when served, and there are fewer dishes to be washed.

Another point worth remembering—foods keep hot for late-comers without spoiling or losing any of their flavor or nutriment.

Casseroles of glass, earthenware, or china are ovenproof, but for all that they still need careful handling.

Never place a wet or very cold casserole dish into a very hot oven.

When a hot casserole dish is taken from the oven, do not stand it in a draught or on a cold or wet slab—either is likely to cause cracking.

A new casserole should be seasoned before use. Fill it with cold water, place in a very moderate oven, and bring water slowly to boiling point.

Casseroles are cooked with the lid on unless the recipe specifically states "cook uncovered."

Greasing the edges of both dish and lid prevents sticking and makes cleaning easier.

Avoid filling dishes so full that the gravy bubbles over the edge.

MEAT BALLS IN TOMATO PUREE

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 tablespoon diced onion, salt and pepper, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour, fat for browning, 1 cup water, 1 cup tomato puree, 2 tablespoons diced celery, 2 tablespoons diced carrot, 2 tablespoons diced potato.

Combine steak, onion, salt, pepper, and breadcrumbs. Bind with beaten egg. Using a small quantity at a time, shape into balls.

Roll lightly in flour, brown in small quantity of hot fat. Place in casserole, add water and tomato puree mixed together, and season with salt and pepper.

Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

Add diced vegetables, cover again, cook a further 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley. For four or five.

SAUSAGES IN CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds sausages, 1 tablespoon flour, fat for frying, 1 onion, 2 medium potatoes, salt and pepper, 1 red apple, 1 banana, 2 medium tomatoes, 1 cup water.

Roll sausages in flour, prick well. Brown in a small quantity of hot fat. Drain and place in casserole. Brown sliced onion in hot fat, place on top of sausages in casserole. Add a layer of peeled sliced potato, salt, and pepper. Cut cored, unpeeled apple into thin slices, place on top of potatoes. Add sliced banana and skinned tomatoes cut in thick slices. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Add water, cover, and cook in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Serve hot. For four or five.

SHARP SPICED RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups water, 1 dessertspoon each of vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 gherkin, 1 small carrot, 1 small onion, 1 stick celery.

Remove tail joint from rabbit, soak ½ hour in salted water. Cut into joints, dry. Brown in hot fat; remove, place in casserole. Add flour to hot fat, and brown. Stir in water, vinegar, sauces, sugar, salt, nutmeg, and cayenne. Continue stirring until boiling, pour over rabbit in casserole. Add chopped gherkin, diced carrot, onion, and celery. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Serve hot. For four or five.

CASSEROLE PEARS WITH GINGERBREAD CRUST

Four or 5 pears, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1

dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 4oz. flour, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch of salt.

Peel pears, cut into quarters, remove cores. Place in casserole. Add hot syrup made by heating water, sugar, lemon juice and rind until sugar dissolves. Cover casserole and cook in very moderate oven (325deg. F.) 1 hour or until pears are tender.

Cream margarine or butter with brown sugar, add unbeaten egg, mix well. Dissolve golden syrup in milk, add to mixture alternately with sifted flour, soda, ginger, nutmeg, and salt.

Remove lid from casserole, drain off nearly all syrup, reserve for use later. Cover fruit with gingerbread mixture, leave lid off, cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with syrup thickened slightly with arrowroot and flavored further with lemon juice and vanilla. For four or five.

OVEN FRICASSE OF TRIPE

One and a half pounds of tripe, 1 large onion, 2 sticks celery, piece of lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sauce: One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 level teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons finely minced ham or boiled bacon.

Wash tripe, scrape underside if necessary. Place in enamel-lined saucepan, cover with cold water,

PIPING-HOT oven casseroles are good winter fare... recipes for the dishes pictured here—meat balls in tomato puree, sausages in casserole, and sharp spiced rabbit—are printed below.

bring to boil, and then strain. Place tripe in casserole, add chopped onion, diced celery, lemon rind and juice, salt and water. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours, depending on quality of tripe. Drain off liquid and cut tripe into lin. cubes.

To Make Sauce: Melt margarine or butter, add flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in chopped ham or bacon and tripe. Return to casserole, reheat in oven before serving. For four or five.



Casseroles...

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES *by Hesling*



سورر با حصو ص مدض لمي
(MY DELIGHT IS MUSTARD)

Meet Mustafá Pasha Bey, an Ottoman Turk (you can tell that by his Ottoman). In Turkey a Pasha is a sort of Duke, while Bey means Governor of a province. Mustafá, I am sure, means "Mustard for"—Mustard for Bey, Mustard for Pasha, Mustard for Sultan. In fact, KEEN'S MUSTARD for

everybody, as it promotes appetite and also adds relish, as one glance at Mustafá's face shows you.



K6/127

I'm all glowing and warm, with GLO-RUB

Even the most obstinate cold will respond to a HEARNE'S GLO-RUB treatment. It is very simple. Just put a little GLO-RUB in the nostrils and use GLO-RUB liberally to rub the chest and throat. Its soothing and penetrating vapour opens up the nasal passages for easy breathing, releases secretions and soothes swollen and irritated membranes. It penetrates in through the pores of the chest and throat to do a power of good with its pleasant and comforting warmth.

"BREATHE IT IN—AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD"

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC



ARE YOU Brimming with Health & Energy

TO feel every fibre in your body aglow with health, to know that in attractiveness you are at your very best—this state of well-being is enjoyed by the millions who take Bile Beans regularly—just a couple at bedtime.

Being purely vegetable, Bile Beans gently but effectively ensure complete elimination of toxic food-wastes. In this way the entire system is cleansed of harmful impurities and toned up to sparkling health and radiant fitness.

Enjoy splendid health—keep youthfully attractive—by taking Bile Beans, the popular tonic-laxative.



Beauty from Inner Health by taking

BILE BEANS

In handy 1/3 and 3/- (family) sizes, of all chemists



RHUBARB PUFFS, made from a foundation batter mixture and served with a fruity sauce, provide a hearty dessert for winter nights.

Hot and cold desserts win prizes for readers

● Papaw with its rich flavor teams with lemon jelly to turn plain cake into a glamor dessert, and is awarded first prize.

If your choice runs to something hot in the sweets line try another of the prize entries—rhubarb puffs. Cooked in muffin tins, and served hot with a fruity sauce, they are so good that you'll have the family coming back for more. Fruit either fresh or dried is a popular ingredient in winter sweets—have you a favorite recipe of a similar type?

If so, why not send it in to this weekly competition? It may help other homemakers in their search for "something new in puddings," and it may win you a cash prize.

PAPAW CAKE DESSERT

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, 1 egg, 5oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, scant 1 cup milk, 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 cup diced papaw, 1 lemon, crystallised cherries.

Cream shortening and sugar with vanilla essence. Add unbeaten egg, beating well. Lastly add sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Pour into well-greased, 7in. sandwich-tin, and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. When cooked and cooled, cut in halves. Dissolve jelly crystals in 1 1/2 cups hot water. When cooled and just beginning to set, fold in diced papaw. Pour into two wetted 7in. sandwich-tins, and place in refrigerator or ice-chest to set. When quite firm, turn out, sandwich cake with papaw jelly, and place second jelly layer on top. Garnish with lemon wedges and cherries, serve with custard.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Percival, Hawthorne Rd., Hawthorne, Brisbane.

SPAGHETTI WITH BEEF AND VEGETABLE SAUCE

Three cups cooked spaghetti, 1lb. minced steak, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1

dessertspoon flour, 1 large carrot, 1 stick celery, 1 parsnip, 1 medium-sized onion, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 1/2 cups stock or water, grated cheese.

Dice carrot, parsnip, and celery finely. Melt shortening in pan. Add meat, onion, and flour and brown lightly. Add tomato sauce, stock or water, and diced vegetables. Stir till boiling. Simmer till tender, 45 to 50 minutes. Mix with spaghetti, turn into ovenware dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and return to oven until cheese softens. Serve hot, garnished with lemon slices and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Walker, "The Outlook," Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

RHUBARB PUFFS WITH FRUIT SAUCE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, vanilla essence, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup finely diced rhubarb, 1 cup milk.

Fruit Sauce: Three-quarter cup pineapple juice, 1/2 cup orange juice, juice of 1 lemon, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly with vanilla essence. Add unbeaten egg, beating well. Lastly add sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fold in diced rhubarb. Three-quarters fill well-greased, deep patty-tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with fruit sauce.

Fruit Sauce: Blend cornflour and sugar with water. Place pineapple juice, orange juice, and lemon juice in saucepan and heat. When almost boiling, stir in blended cornflour and sugar, and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot with rhubarb puffs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Reid, 159 James St., Kingsholme, Brisbane.



LEMON WEDGES and crystallised cherries complete this attractive picture of the papaw cake dessert—a prize-winner in this week's recipe contest.

Try this delicious Bournville recipe.



FIVE O'CLOCK FRUIT CAKE

6 oz. flour 1 1/2 oz. Bournville Cocoa
4 oz. butter or margarine
4 1/2 oz. castor sugar 2 oz. currants
2 oz. sultanas Almond flavouring
1 teaspoonful baking-powder
2 eggs Milk

METHOD—Wash and dry the fruit. Sieve flour, cocoa, and baking-powder together. Grease a cake-tin and line with greased paper. Beat the sugar and fat to a cream. Add the eggs separately, stir in each one quickly, and beat the mixture well. When both are beaten in, stir in the flour, etc., and fruit, alternately, with some milk as required. Add a few drops of almond flavouring and mix all together lightly. Put into the cake-tin, bake in a moderately hot oven, for about 45 minutes. Turn out to sieve and leave until cold.

CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE COCOA
CUT OUT AND SAVE
THIS RECIPE

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "VANIX." Firstly obtain a bottle of "VANIX" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the de-vitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 6/45), from Hallams Pty. Ltd., 512 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 379 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 57B Rundle St., Adelaide.

Relieve the Misery of Haemorrhoids

There is no need to suffer the tormenting irritation of itching piles when you can get quick relief by beginning at once to use DOAN'S OINTMENT. It quiets the itching and protects and lubricates the tender tissues with its soothing antiseptic ingredients. Don't continue to let the itching and misery of piles torment and worry you, get DOAN'S OINTMENT today and see what long lasting happy relief it gives—used successfully for over 40 years.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

DOAN'S OINTMENT



You'll always
get the best
from the

PLUME

Pump

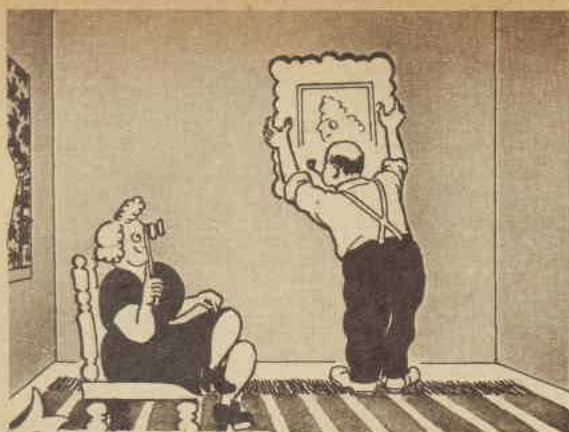


VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD.

(Incorporated in Australia)

Today, Plume is the best motor spirit you can buy. And as soon as world conditions permit, the Plume Pump will lead in serving the highest quality motor spirits, made by revolutionary methods developed by the world's largest research staff. So form the habit now of going to the Plume Pump, where you'll always get the best motor spirit.

Listen each week to Australia's finest Radio Entertainment
"OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE"



LOOK WHAT THE SMITHS ARE DOING!...

They've chosen one of Wesco's 20 modern pastel shades, and had their breakfast room painted—with Wesco Kalsomine. Now the ceiling and walls are as bright as a new day, with a velvety smooth surface that won't rub or fade—for Wesco Kalsomine is the Perfect Wall Finish!

IN 20 SHADES

WESCO
KALSOMINE

THE PERFECT WALL FINISH



Western Electric HEARING AIDS

Western Electric's brilliant new Model 64 Hearing Aid will save you money. That's an actual fact—not just a wild claim. Model 64 has a new circuit that embodies the very latest principles of electronic sound reproduction in a design that cuts operating costs to as low as approximately 1d. an hour—depending on which size Midget batteries you use with Model 64. Phone, call or write for FREE demonstration.

THE AUDIPHONE CO. (N.S.W.)
Pty. Ltd.

SYDNEY—M.L.C. Building, 44 Martin Place Phone BW 7387
(Cor. Martin Place and Castlereagh Street)
NEWCASTLE—Suite 14, "Sun" Building, Hunter Street Phone R 1989
MELBOURNE—119 Collins Street Phone Central 4192
BRISBANE—Commercial Bank Chambers, 239-243 Queen Street B 2983
ADELAIDE—Chamber of Manufactures Building, 15-18 Flinders St. Cent. 6019
PERTH—Messrs. Salkin and Salkin, 635 Hay Street Phone B 7226
HOBART—Findlay's, Elizabeth Street Phone 2718
LAUNCESTON—Findlay's, George Street Phone 482

Stuart Crystal



There's a special delight in giving or owning Stuart Crystal. Designed for practical, lasting loveliness, this sparkling cut glass is handmade by English craftsmen. Look for the signature "Stuart" etched on every piece.

Stuart & Sons Ltd., Stourbridge, England.

Australia: **L. J. WAHLERS & CO.,**
Tasmania House, Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.
210, Clarence Street, SYDNEY.



By
**CAROLYN
EARLE**

FRANCE: A piquant daytime hair-fix with all the simplicity and casual charm demanded by young people. (M. Beyland.)

International

SWITZERLAND: The flat-top as adapted for evening wear with a flare of curls either side and upswept back. (Style by M. Seludan.)



ITALY: Sculptured curls and rolls, with a handsome chignon, are highlighted with three sequin butterflies. (Trevison Attilio.)



BELGIUM: A stiffened evening hat tops off a classically simple head and a bare-shouldered gown. (M. de Omere.)

British Chief

THE
SMART
COTTON
FABRIC
THAT
SERVES
WITH
THE
COLOURS

PURSE-SIZE
CATALOGUE
COLOR

Sheppards
DIAMOND RINGS
AND BEAUTIFUL

DIAMOND RINGS

by mail

Sheppards do tremendous hand-made diamond ring business in all States through this tiny book of 1947-8 designs which are revelations in modern jewelcraft. Sheppards have the diamonds too, which is the secret of the values they can offer. Fill in coupon below!

To Sheppards, Rundle Street, Adelaide

Please send me, post free, without obligation, your catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

SHEPPARDS
Jewellers, 37 years' establishment
71 Rundle Street, Adelaide



FRANCE: First prize winner in the evening wear section, this coiffure was inspired by styles of ancient days. (M. Redolft.)



ENGLAND: Newness is given this style by building up one side and adding a short, almost hairline, fringe. (K. Pearson.)

Hair-lines

● The coiffures shown on this page were created by leading English and European hair-stylists who competed in the second postwar world competitions for coiffures, organised by the Paris Institute Club and held recently in the French capital. Eleven nations competed in the two groups of evening and day fashions. It is interesting to note the trend towards shortish, neat headlines for day wear.



HOLLAND: This neat and versatile hair-style remains soft in outline and could be worn either day or night. (A. Vuur.)



BELGIUM: Much admired in the evening group, a brunette-trimmed blonde upswept style with delicate flower trail. (M. Durieux.)

★ The Dressmaker
SAID "Yes madam—it-
-er-suits you perfectly..."



★ But she **MEANT**
"Even a French Model
couldn't make you glamorous
with that blotchy skin!"

"Showing shoulders" is high
fashion. Make sure yours are free
from spots and blotches by using

REXONA
MEDICATED SOAP

Don't be a half-way beauty...
the type who cares for her face,
and ignores shoulders and back.
You can be lovely all-over so easily
by the regular use of Rexona Soap.
Rexona is specially medicated with
Cadyl to clear away the impurities
that cause pimples and blackheads
... dull and lifeless skin. It tones
up the pores — makes all of you
romantic.



4 REXONA SOAP CONTAINS
CADYL, an exclusive Rexona
compound comprising Oils of
Cade, Cassia, Cloves,
Terebinth, and Borneol
Acetate—all recognised
valuable skin medica-
ments.

X-44,26A

It's easy... when
BACKACHE
gets better!

You've had to
struggle with the
housework, feeling
absolutely done up
with backache. Of
course you have; and
you know the wonder-
ful relief when back-
ache gets better. And
when the trouble is due
to sluggish kidneys
you do get relief from
De Witt's Pills. Then
housework really does
seem easy.

If your kidneys
need toning up... if
they are failing to trap
and expel poisons and
impurities and you're get-
ting backache because of
it... you can (and you
should) do something
about it. Turn to DeWitt's
Pills for help. They are
specially prepared to act
directly on the kidneys.
They help cleanse these
vital organs of poisonous

accumulations, and stimu-
late them to full activity.
The great advantage of
this trusted family medi-
cine is that it not only
relieves the backache but
helps to clear up one com-
mon cause of it. Ask your
chemist for a bottle of
De Witt's Pills to-day.

DeWitt's **KIDNEY AND BLADDER** **Pills**

Made specially to relieve the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Joint
Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/6.

Peaceful Nights For Baby and You



At teething time—or at any time
if baby is a trifle feverish—give
Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS'
POWDERS. They soothe at once
—cool the blood, gently regulate
the motions. Never be without
these wonderful powders—they
ensure the health and happiness
of your baby—AND THEY ARE
ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/6

Ashton & Parsons'
INFANTS' POWDERS

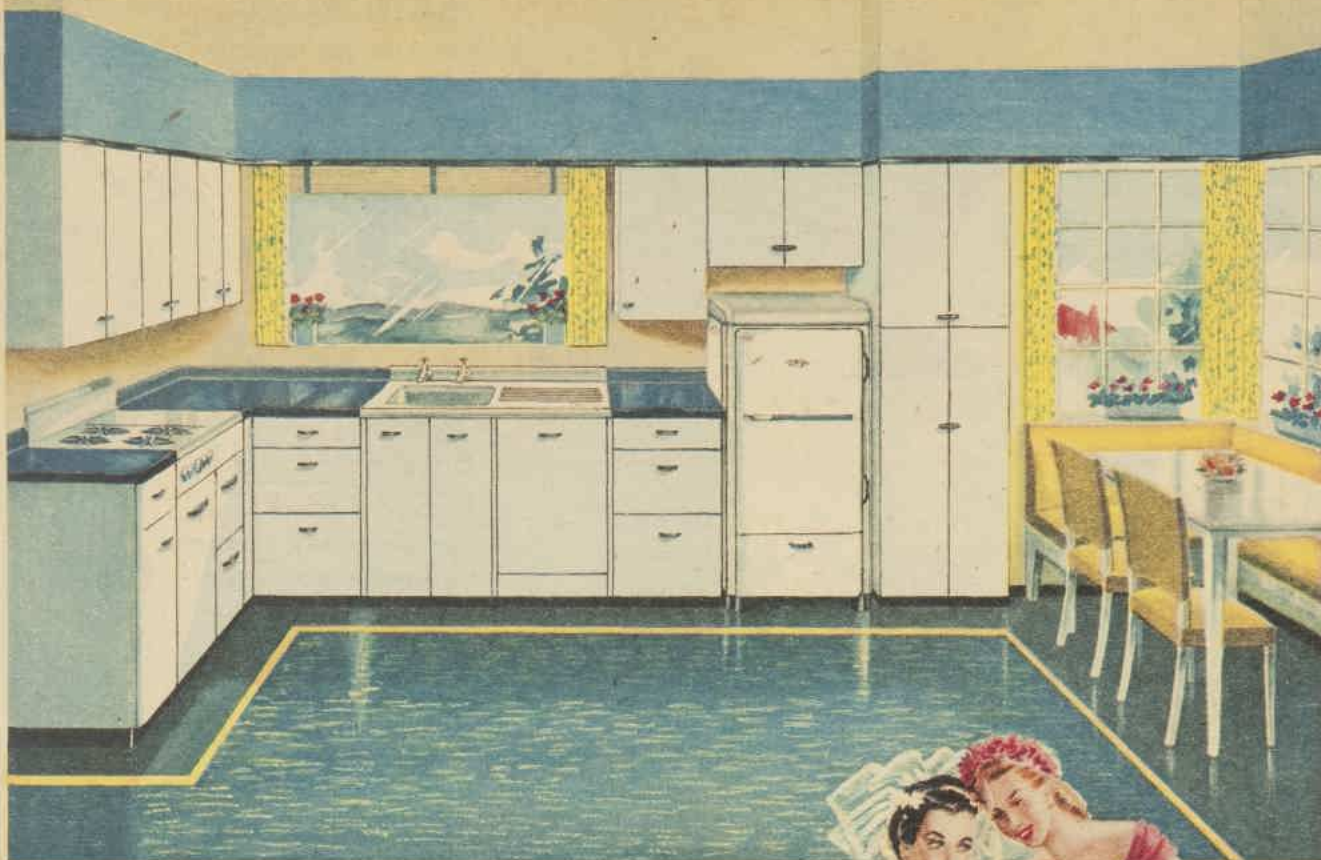


**To remove
HAIR**
in only 3 minutes!

Try this quick way to get rid of
unwanted hair—no wax, no
razors. Just apply Veet Cream—
in three minutes the hair is gone.
It's just that simple—no stubble,
no shadow, your skin is smooth
and white. Safeguard feminine
charm—get Veet Cream, 2/9 a
tube, from chemists. Successful
results guaranteed or money
refunded.

VEET
CREAM

Distributors: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Pty.
Ltd., Box 249/NN, G.P.O., Sydney. V.22



Today's Bride

CHOOSES **GAS**... OF COURSE!



She decides on Gas because it is the fashionable trend towards brighter, easier living. She knows that work will take wings in her All-Gas Kitchen, planned to save countless steps, time and energy . . . that automatic flick-of-the-fingertip Gas Control will speed work away effortlessly and economically throughout the home. She chooses Gas for the 4 Big Jobs to be certain of added leisure - so much more time for pleasure.



GAS

for the 4 BIG JOBS

Automatic Silent Instant Healthful
COOKING ✶ **REFRIGERATION** ✶ **HOT WATER** ✶ **HEATING**

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA



Guard Their Health

Forming regular habits early is one of the best safeguards for your children's future health. Nyal Figsen will prevent and correct constipation in children. Figsen is mild yet thorough in its action. No pain or discomfort. Figsen is an ideal laxative for every member of the family. Use Figsen for the children—use it yourself. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

Peggy Sage

Exclusive
Manicure



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 2/- & 1/3.

Paint out GLOOMY PICTURES

If you feel depressed, nervy, irritable, worn out by business and personal worries, if you feel you are just struggling on day by day, it's time you painted out your gloomy personal picture, and brought the sunshine back. There IS a way. You can build up your recuperative powers with WINCARNIS, the "quick action" tonic. WINCARNIS is a full bodied wine blended with nourishing ingredients. WINCARNIS is rich in basic elements and foods that will restore your normal buoyancy. It brings a new strength to your brain and nerves. Right from the first sip you can feel it doing you good. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men endorse WINCARNIS the "Quick Action" tonic.

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/- stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to

DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE,

271-8 Collins St., Melb., CL. VJ3022.

Fashion PATTERNS



F4723



F4724

F4723.—Pert mid-season skirt to combine with your prettiest blouses or those smart, crisp, business blouses. Add glamor for evening with a wide studded belt. Sizes 36 to 42in. hips. Requires 14yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4724.—An evening blouse so smart for wearing with formal long skirts or short, prettily made cocktail skirts. Pattern obtainable with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 21yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4725.—A grand all-rounder suit for spectator sports, dining out, or the office. Pattern obtainable with either long, three-quarter, or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4726.—Sweet frock for a junior miss. The bodice is cut on Quaker lines. Pattern obtainable with either short or long full sleeves. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Requires 14yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.



F4727



F4725



F4728

F4727.—For those moments when you want really to look your best, this frock with a hint of a keyhole neckline is just the thing. Obtainable with either long, bracelet-length, or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 21yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4728.—Enchanting frock with rippling folds swathed across the hips and complete with long side drape. Pattern may be obtained with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 21yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 33.

It's easy to catch a cold



It's easy to get relief



A sudden storm and wet, sodden clothing can easily cause a heavy cold.

Get Mistol to work—a few drops in each nostril clear nasal passages, relieve congestion, and you breathe easily again.

For exceptionally stubborn conditions, use Mistol with Ephedrine.



M.3.8

Mistol
STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

KEEP YOUR HANDS
SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL

WITH
OATINE
HAND LOTION

In Bottles, price 3/6d.

If unobtainable locally, send postal note to Box 2478, G.P.O., Sydney.

Always use Oatine Beauty Creams

ASTHMA
CURBED QUICKLY

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigour so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

For Asthma . . . Now 6/- & 12/-

fortuna
I cloth

Arnott's

GIVE
THEM
A
BRAKE



F A M O U S

Milk Arrowroot Biscuits

The most pleasant break in every school day is playtime and the school lunch. There's a tasty snack then to be enjoyed, so make that snack Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. There is no Substitute for Quality!